ZetaCordia

ZETA-CORDIA

(Anniversary Number)

VOLUME X

THE BEGINNING

Published by

THE BRYAN HIGH SCHOOL

SENIOR CLASS

1923

Greeting

We know that Time can never smooth away the poignant memories of our days at Bryan High School. We only hope that this Annual may in future years help to make the sunshine of those memories more vivid than the shadows.—*The Staff*.

SUPT. J. W. WYANDT

Not only a man among men, but a man among many.
We respect him, we admire him, we love him.

BECAUSE we are beginning to have some small conception of the ideals he has held before us throughout our High School life, it is our especial desire to dedicate this Anniversary number of Zeta-Cordia to our principal, R. C. Baker.

PRIN. R. C. BAKER

Mr. Baker entered Bryan High School as principal the same year that this year's class entered Bryan High as Freshmen. We have come to know each other personally as well as in the class room. Mr. Baker is known as a true friend and an inspiring teacher. By his just, broad-minded educational principles, he has gained the admiration and respect of everybody. We each owe him gratitude for his efficient guidance through our high school career.

Anniversary

IN 1914 the Senior Class of Bryan High School edited the first "Zeta-Cordia," and for ten years each graduating class has successfully put forth the events of the year in its own year book.

We the class of '23, to celebrate that anniversary, put forth this Edition—gaze upon it. Where, throughout the world will you find a book more fitting to such a purpose, than the 1923 Edition of the "Zeta-Cordia," —and why?—because you are in it. And what is more there are three hundred and nine other good jokes excluding fifty snaps any of which could get a laugh out of the tightest Shylock—or the most dignified Senior.

We have finished. We have only two wishes; first, that we were starting anew our work; second, that you do not burn this copy in disgust without considering who edited it.—*The Editor.*

FACULTY

Faculty

Sylva Whinnery, B. S.
Home Economics

Amsey R. White, B. A.
Mathematics

Gertrude Marshall, B. A.
English

O. C. Amstutz, A. B.
Physics and Biology

Emily Roe, B. C. S.
Commercial

Alfred C. Jones, B. A.
English and Salesmanship

Prof. F. A. Tubbs,
Mus. Bac.
Music

Letha C. Wince, Ph. B.
French and Commercial

Ross C. Lyons
Physical Training

Owen Shuman, B. A.
History and Economics

Ruth B. Vollmer, B. A.
Latin

Harry Atwood, B. Sc.
Agriculture

Lydia M. Whinnery

A. R. White

Gertrude E. Marshall

O. C. Amstutz.

Emily L. Roe

Alfred C. Jones.

F. A. Tubbs.

Lethe C. Prince

Ross C. Lyons

Orcen Shuman

Ruth B. Vollmer

Harry Atwood

Experience

You live
And you write your history;
You blot a page
And the ink sinks through
A sheet or two.
And just when you're thinking
You'll never see the last of it,
You turn over a new leaf;
And it all goes on
Like it did before
Till you make another blot.—O. C. A.

Annual Staff

Paul Krone.....Editor in Chief
Richard Tubbs.....Business Manager
Marian Harrold.....Literary Editor
Nedra Wonsetler.....Art Editor
Emily Price.....Society Editor
Gerald Chappuies.....Comics Editor
O. C. Amstutz.....Faculty Manager
Russel Everhart.....Athletic Editor

Junior Staff

Wilbur Eaton.....Editor in Chief
Majel Kelly.....Business Manager
Eugenia Long.....Literary Editor
Marian Reed.....Art Editor
Arlene Yarnell.....Society Editor
Owen Wyandt.....Comics Editor
Donald Aungst.....Athletic Editor

Editorial Staff

Class Officers

SENIOR

CHRISTIAN OVERHOLT, President
ROBERT WARD, Vice-President
NEDRA WONSETLER, Secy-Treas.
DALE SMITH, Athletic Booster

JUNIOR

THELMA WAMPLER, President
PAUL MALLORY, Vice-President
MAJEL KELLY, Secy-Treas.
A. R. DeWEESE, Athletic Booster

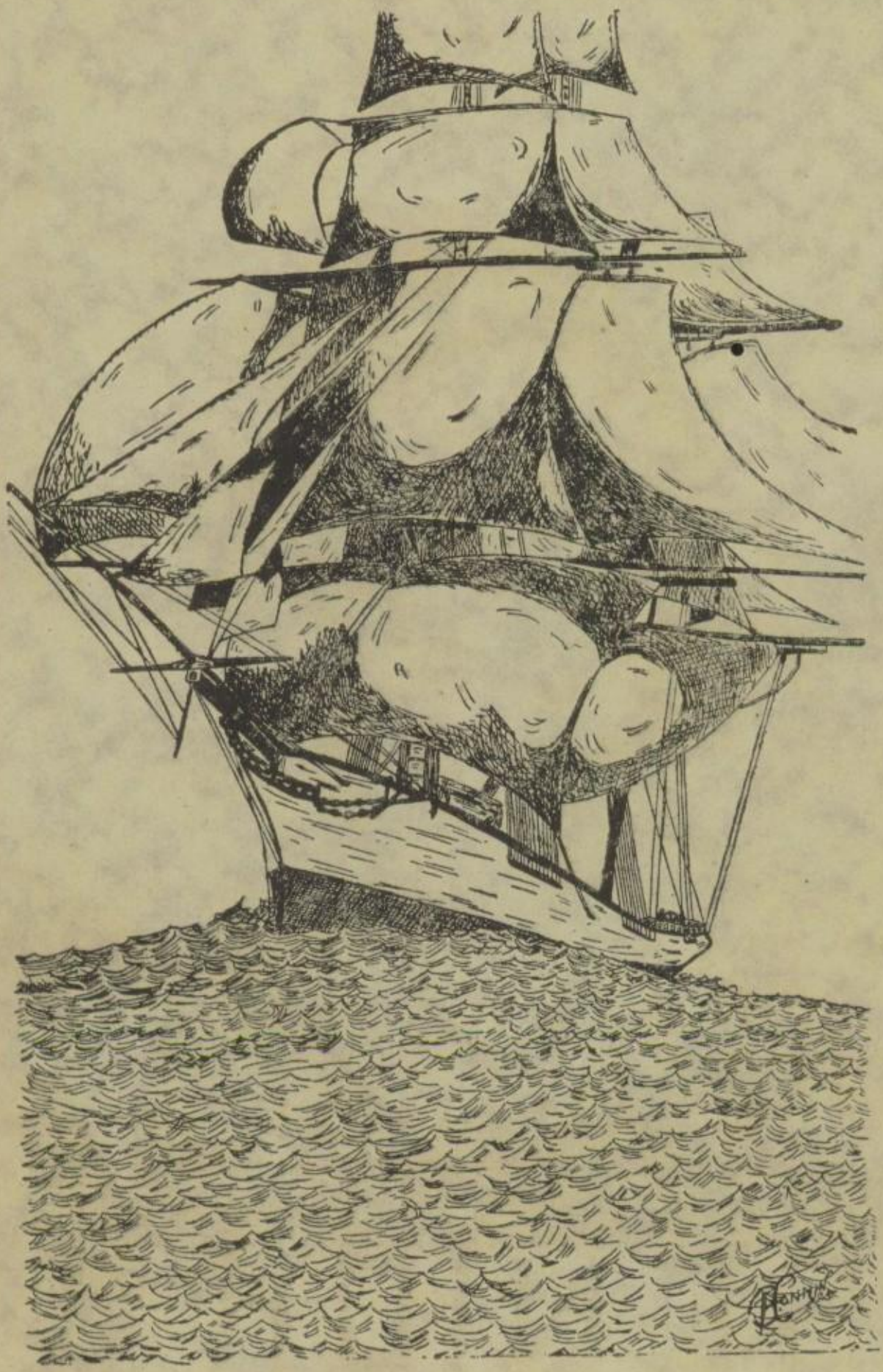
SOPHOMORE

FREDERICK PARKER, President
CLARK DIMLER, Vice-President
LUCILLE CASTOR, Secy-Treas.
EARL KIMBLE, Athletic Booster

FRESHMAN

ROBERT GLEASON, President
MAURICE COOK, Vice-President
DOROTHY SMITH, Secy-Treas.
MAURICE MICK, Athletic Booster

SENIOR



Senior Class Poem

So we'll soon be on Life's ocean,
Sailing outward on the sea,
Where we'll give our life's devotion
For our lives as they should be.

When we journey past the harbor,
Sailing on the sea of life,
Some will travel fast with ardor,
Others slow with pain and strife;
Many courses will be winding
Others straight across the surf;
Yet all courses end up finding
What this life was really worth.

Many ships shall sink in midsea,
Others sail for years and years,
Yet the one shall live in glory
And the other dwell in tears.
Many ships shall be of old wood,
Others may be wrought of steel,
And the one may show us more good
Than the other can reveal.
Tho your ship may be of silver
Sailing o'er a course of gold,
Others may be set a-quiver
With deep water in the hold.

All these ships are on Life's ocean,
Sailing with us day by day;
Sailing onward to promotion
Or to ruin and dismay.
Till we've journeyed past the breakers,
Past the light-house on the bar,
Some of us shall be as Quakers,
Others may have strayed afar;
Yet we'll all be sailing Homeward
Toward the Golden gates and God,
Where we'll name our own salvation
By the pathways we have trod.—*P. K.*

ERMA SCOTT

Concordian

Glee Club 3, 4; Chorus 3.

"If thou must love me, let it be for naught Except for love's sake only."

OSCAR YOUSE

Zetagathean

Coldwater, Mich., 1, 2.

"My thoughts come back; where was I."

NELLIE HILBERT

Concordian

Glee Club 3, 4; Chorus 3.

"She may be small but just the same, Salt is willing to change her name."

HAROLD BURGBACHER

Zetagathean

Orchestra 4; Chorus 1, 2, 3.

"Nary an angry word spake he, compassionate he tried to be."

GRACE MANON

Concordian

Detroit 3.

"Quiet and unobserved— so groweth the violet."

GEORGE MELLOT

Concordian

Debate Club 4; Hi-Y Club 4.

"Did you ever see a man who could yell louder and yet say less."

RICHARD TUBBS

Zetagathean

Class President 1, 3; President Athletic Association 3; Business Manager Zeta-Cordia 4; Basket Ball 1, 2, 4; Captain 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 4; Foot Ball 2, 3; Senior Play; Assistant Business Manager Athletic Association 2; Business Manager 3.

"What would I do with size, when I do so much without it?"

FLORENCE GOLLER

Zetagathean

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Chorus 2, 3.

"Though a quiet, quiet girl is she, a better student could never be."

DALE SMITH

Zetagathean

Stryker 1.
Chorus 3; Dramatic Club 3;
Debate Team 4; Senior Play;
Foot Ball 3, 4; Athletic Booster 4;
Basket Ball 4.

"For his lips could well pronounce, Words that were presuasions."

TELVA GOETZ

Concordian

Senior Play.

"Thy voice is sweet, as if it took its music from thy face."
"Farewell to thee, Aloha-oe."

ROBERT ZIMMERMAN

Zetagathean

Debate Club 3, 4. Debate team 4.

"He marries not whose tongue outrambles the feministic quintessence."

VERSA KITCH

Zetagathean

Scott, Ohio 2; Bourbon, Ind., 1, 3.

"Politics are all right but I am true to my party."

CHARLES RECTOR

Concordian

Hicksville 1, 2; Defiance 3.
Oration 4; Senior Play.

"Can an insect have a soul? Well I for one hope a "radio bug" has."

NEDRA WONSETLER

Zetagathean

Art Editor Zeta-Cordia 4;
Class Secretary 2, 4; Senior Play.

"A moonbeam midst the sable robes of night."

PAUL KRONE

Concordian

Chorus 1, 2, 3; Cheerleader 1, 2, 3 4; Athletic Booster 2; President Hi-Y Club 4; Debate Club 1, 2, 3; Team 3; Dramatic Club 3; Editor-in-Chief Zeta-Cordia 4; President Concordian Society 4.
Senior Play.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that nature might stand up And say, "Tnis was a man."

LENORE RUFF

Zetagathean

Secretary Zetagathean Society 4.

"A manly form at her side she saw And joy was duty and love was law."

GERALD CHAPPUIES

Zetagathean

Debate Team 3.
Chorus 2, 3.
Comics Editor Zeta-Cordia.

"Quiet waters may run deep, but I can't swim."

LOIS NEBELUNG

Zetagathean

Class Secretary 1.

"Life may be an endless dream, but where would we be if we slept all the time. I hate night-mares."

RAYMOND BEAVERS

Concordian

"The meek shall inherit the earth, hence my forbearance."

BEULAH DROUT

Concordian

"A gentle breeze is worth an hundred cyclones."

CLARENCE FAVOURITE

Concordian

Ashley 1, 2; Edgerton 3.

"Revenge is sweet; it contains no real value."

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MARY SLOAN

Concordian

"She smiled on many, just for fun—I know that there was nothing in it."

ROBERT WARD

Zetagathean

Foot Ball 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Literary Team 3; Basket Ball 3, 4.

"Men of Bronze may live for ever, but I prefer lifes boundless pleasures."

NAOMI BOWLSBY

Concordian

"When everything goes wrong a smile will get you thru. Watch me apply it."

DENVER LEIDIGH

Zetagathean

Chorus 1.

"He shows occasional surface indications of intellect."

EVA LEIDIGH

Zetagathean

Wabash, Minn., 1, 2, 3.
Glee Club 4.

"Endowed with reason's Art."

VERDEAN CASTOR

Concordian

"Speak not unless you have something to discharge to benefit others."

BURDENA DOWNS

Zetagathean

Glee Club 3, 4.
Chorus 3.

"A quiet pond is not necessarily stagnant."

MARION YOUNG

Concordian

"A walking radio encyclopedio."

GRACE FABER

Concordian

Glee Club 1.

"Home sweet home for mine."

CONROY THOMAS

Concordian

Chorus 1, 2, 3; Athletic Booster 3; Basket Ball 4.

"Why should I keep holiday when other men have none?"

GEORGIA GOELTZENLEUCHTER

Zetagathean

Chorus 3; Glee Club 4.

"She can sacrifice we find, which we think an act sublime."

DONALD ROBINSON

Zetagathean

Debate Club 4.

"A prompt decisive man."

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EMILY PRICE

Concordian

Basket Ball 2, 3; Captain 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Vice President 4; Society Editor Zeta-Cordia 4; Senior Play.

"Out upon it I have loved
Three whole days together!
And I am like to love three more
If it prove fair weather."

GORDON MUSSER

Zetagathean

Foot Ball 3, 4; Debate Club 2, 4; Team 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Never forward in anything but his duty and always, then."

THEODOSHA HUGHES

Zetagathean

Glee Club 4; Chorus 3.

"Does well, acts nobly— what more could we ask?"

FRANKLIN HENRY

Zetagathean

Basket Ball 3, 4; Foot Ball 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3; Chorus 2.

"Every day in every way he's bluffing more and more."

MARIAN HARROLD

Zetagathean

Akron 1; Glee Club 2, 3, 4;
Chorus 2, 3; Literary Editor Zeta-Cordia 4; Vice President Zetagathean Society 4.

"Quiet and docile in every way. She'll get her reward some day."

CHRISTIAN OVERHOLT

Concordian

President Senior Class.
Orchestra 4; Chorus 3;
Debate Club 3; Senior Play.

"Idiosyncrasistically speaking, his cogency and method of elucidating incomprehensible conceptions is mitigatingly transcendently rare."

MARION BENNINGHOFF

Zetagathean

Glee Club 2, 3

"Let the dead past bury its dead but still we have memories—ferinstance U. S. History."

EARL DIMLER

Concordian

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.
Basket Ball 2, 3.

"Music may sooth the savage beast, but I'll keep my distance."

DOROTHY THOMAS

Concordian

Senior Play.

"My kingdom for some Jazz."

BINA CONKEY

Concordian

Foot Ball 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4;
Basket Ball 3, 4; Chorus 3.
Senior Play.

"Small but mighty."

RUTH MOTTER

Concordian

**"She is a winsome wee thing
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing."**

BURTON VINCENT

Concordian

"Have I a rival? Well, Shakespeare is dead!"

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SUSAN CASTOR

Concordian

Glee Club 4; Chorus 1, 2, 3.

"A quiet little girl with quite a cheerful smile."

ELDON ERLSTEN

Zetagathean

"The peak of perfection is o'ershadowed by my statue."

MARGARET DeMUTH

Zetagathean

Debate Club 4.

"Why be optimistic, or e'en pessimistic, why not just be?"

RUSSEL EVERHART

Concordian

Football 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Basket Ball 4; Debate Team 4; Hi-Y Club 4; Athletic Editor Zeta-Cordia 4; Senior Play.

"He'll be president; he 'll be president by and by? or perhaps Shakespeare?"

Class History

Weary and tired of my daily routine, I stole out, alone, to the water's edge. The sweet perfume of the flowers lingered in the warm spring air. The moon with her family of stars, shone down peacefully upon the water and smiled at her reflection in the mirror. Everything gave the appearance of restful solitude, the silence being broken only by the soft, sleepy chattering of the birds in the nearby forest. Whispering their love dreams amongst the spread of newly born leaves, they seemed to scatter an atmosphere of happiness o'er all the forest.

Standing there, idly gazing into the water, I seemed to sink into a reverie of days gone by. The magic spell, so quickly cast over me thrust me into a world, once so natural and ordinary, but now so unnatural and extraordinary. What was it? Where was I?

The spell having gone its full course, I could now recollect that, lo and behold, I was again standing between the sheltering arms of Bryan Hi. Happiness such as I had never known for many a year, again reigned in my weary soul. Thousands of questions popped through my mind in an instant. Could it be true that I was to be again so happily united with my classmates and teachers? I was afraid to move lest I should awake from my glorious dream. Certainly I was not imagining all of this. No, that would be impossible. As I looked at myself I could see that I was in the bloom of youth. Surely enough, these were the days of long ago, those golden school days, intermingled with happiness and pain. There was Mr. Baker getting acquainted with the Freshman Class of '20, the largest class that had ever entered Bryan Hi. How proud we were to be called Freshmen. In spite of the fearful forebodings voiced by the upper classmen, we went our way, feeling the biggest of all. Even as Freshmen we took pride in all of the school activities and carried off the honors in the inter-class games. Nothing could make us feel our inferiority, except the introduction of Mr. Latin, French, and Algebra. But, nevertheless, they proved no hindrance to our pursuit of knowledge and happiness. Our teachers had no trouble in broadening our mental capacity.

As Sophomores we found ourselves several steps higher on life's ladder. Already the ground was becoming invisible to our sight. We, however, were sorry to say that several of our classmen quit before the second year, but maugre the fact there were also some new students added. Marian Harrold, Marian Benninghoff, and Dorothy Thomas enrolled with our Sophomore Class of '21.

The Junior year seemed to be the greatest year we had gone through. We struggled harder than ever toward the goal of culture and efficiency. We had acquired the ability to distinguish between truth and error, and had learned to gather strength from distress, grow brave by reflection, and smile through tears. We worked without allowing our laborious tasks to become drudgery. We stood first in all Literary and Athletic activities and caused many to marvel at our skill. Hand in hand with our other school work we had many social gatherings.

In spite of the depleting number of our classmen, we were always willing

to do our part, and there were others who came in, filling the vacancies of those who had left. We were all proud to welcome into our Junior Class of '22.

Then came the Senior year, certainly the grandest and the most dignified recognition we had ever known. Culture and efficiency were our two outstanding characteristics. The difficult obstacles that we overcame was certainly something to be proud of. Only by keeping our Spirit at the level of the highest peak, could we have succeeded so well. We did not speak of ourselves now as one separate individual but as the Senior Class of '23. We were all brothers and sisters and possessed a mutual friendship which even time could not make indifferent.

We were proud to say that only a small number left our class in the Senior year, but we were given the pleasure of welcoming Eva Leidigh, Versa Kitch, Charles Rector, and Clarence Favourite to our Senior Class Roll.

Together we labored to make the Zeta-Cordia of '23 a success and no one that ever read it said our labor came amiss.

We were very active in Literary and Athletic affairs. On the Gridiron we were represented by Merceil Manon, the best captain we ever knew. Bina Conkey was our quarterback, and there were no students in Bryan Hi. who did not give him credit for his skill in guiding the team. Franklin Henry, Russell Everhart, Gordon Musser, Dale Smith and Robert Ward were the rest.

In Literary work we ranked first. No one ever knew better orators than Charles Rector and Robert Ward. In the debating work we had many who could easily hold their own. Some of the distinguished ones being Russell Everhart, Gordon Musser, Robert Zimmerman and Dale Smith.

Then came the thought of "Graduation." How consoling, yet how sad to the Senior! Days passed on and soon we were upon the Auditorium stage, a Member of the Graduating Class of '23. We viewed our diplomas with a profound delight, realizing that they were certificates of victory.

Saddest of all was the separation of classmates. Each took a different path, but with a smile on his or her face in spite of the affliction of sorrow from which each suffered.

As each vanished in the dim distance, my dream likewise vanished, and I found myself again standing beside the forest, silently gazing into the water's depths.

What would I have given had I been permitted to live on in my glorious dream, uninterrupted by the cares of life. Yet I could not express my gratification and satisfaction in having my "Dear Old High School Days" so accurately refreshed in my mind.

I slowly retraced my steps over the path from whence I had come, with a renewed hope and desire to accomplish still greater things, having so pleasantly reviewed my by-gone school days.

Such is the history of the Class of '23.—*B. M. D.* '23.

PROPHECY

Hands up! came the order from behind quite an ugly looking revolver. Temporarily paralyzed with fright, I hesitated to obey and I suddenly saw the butt of the revolver descending rapidly towards my head. Darkness.

Stars seemed to be shining. I was sailing thru the air, with a strange feeling of lightness. Meeting another phantom, I decided to get acqainted. I followed and came to a large building. We passed directly thru the wall into a dimly lighted room.

Seated before a huge glowing fire place I saw two lounging figures. They were speaking of old times, the present, and the probable future of their old friends.

"Raymond what ever became of Naomi Bowlby? You remember she married Harold Burgbacher." "Why, Miss Benninghoff, didn't you hear? They own a large stock farm. You know Harold has received many prizes for his stock exhibits. Suzan and Verdean Castor own the farm next to them. They seem to be quite prosperous. I was past there with Lawyer Chappuies the other day. Then there's Margaret DeMuth; she married that Italian Count. The papers made quite an occasion of it. "Yes, and I read just the other day that Earl Dimler was returning from Europe where he has been studying music."

You know, Raymond, I feel quite proud of our class, they have all done well. Let's get out the Annual and see who all were in that class, I've almost forgotten. There's Burdena and Beulah, stenographers. Burdena is working in attorney Everhart's office. Yes, and there's Clarence. He and Florence were married about a year ago. Oh, and I saw Georgia just the other day, she is a writer and illustrates her own works. She is becoming quite popular, I believe."

Here's Telva, what happened to her? I haven't heard of her for a long time." "She and Helen Hall are in Texas. They went as soon as they graduated, I guess." "Say, have you read Marian Harrold's latest book? It's great. I read it at the office last week." "There's Frank. He and Nellie are in Bryan bossing the hoop mill now. Theadosha, Denver, and George are in Business School over at Fort Wayne. I suppose Pete Krone is in the newspaper business. I know he likes that work." "No, he's married and living on a ranch in the west. I was speaking with Eva and Bina last week and they told me that Ruth and Gordon are married and running a chicken ranch. Some profession for an old time football player!"

"Lois is running the Blue Bird Beauty Parlor. Lenore has parted from her long enough to go to Europe on her honeymoon. You know, the Saxaphone player."

"You remember seeing in the paper some time ago that Emily and Charles eloped and went to New York. Well, Charles is quite a successful Electrical Engineer now. Emily wrote me a long letter some time ago, she said Chris was a professor in one of the leading business schools in New York. I can't see how he ever happened to land a job like that."

"Erma said Donald was thinking of buying the meat market on the South side. I suppose Donald will do the butchering and Erma the selling. She always was a good talker." Attorney Smith is having quite an affair with Mary Sloan this year. Conny, who does Dale's advertising, says that the only drawback is Mr. Smith's bashfulness." "And Say, did you see last night's paper? It is full of Dorothy's Divorce case. She says Dick neglect her too much and stays at the club all nite. Oh, she has a whole string of complaints. Too bad."

"I suppose you know that Nedra is working for Vincent & Ward, Contractors?"

I heard a fine lecture by Mr. Zimmerman last night. He lectured on the wonders of electricity and mentioned the great work done by the two modern Wizards, Young and Youse.

The sound of voices grew lower and lower and the light dimmer until the scene faded and I opened my eyes, conscious of a dull feeling in my head and after feeling the lump on my head and the depression of my pocket book I realized my predicament.—*C. A. O.*,-23.

N.L.W.
"Bud"
The Cook
Miss Marshall
Miss Wince
Connin
"Prince"
"J.W."
Our Secretary
Shuman
Mrs. Vollmer
Atwood
"Nubbin"
"The Lions"
Sorry - we didn't get a very good picture of Jones
Everybody's Friend
Amstutz - Roe + Co.
Shakespeare
"Dot" + "Dick"
"Ginger"
"Pete"

JUNIOR
BHS

"Junior Class"

What would High School be without the Juniors? We feel that our influence is not transitory but will benefit Bryan High for many years to come. Our Junior Class varies in size of members ranging from very tall to very short! Likewise the talent of the class varies from football to Virgil! If it had not been for the Juniors what would have become of Athletics this year? The class is interested in all school activities and is always ready "to play the game." The name of the Junior Class cannot help but live and will surely go down in history as a class which did its best.—*E. P. L. '24.*

Class Roll

Carmen Ames
Donald Aungst
Marion Barber
Otha Brannan
Marie Burbic
Naomi Carlin
Virginia Carroll
Grace Cole
Stephen Corwin
Naomi Cunningham
Wilber Eaton
Caroll Elsasser
Claire Eyster
Geneva Farr
Dorothy Fisher
Fausta Gilbert
Francis Grim
Elizabeth Harmon
Helen Haverfield
Ethel Herr
Wando Hesrick
Dorothy Hesrick
Clayton Hill
Eugene Hoffman
Selma Hummel
Dorothy Ingalls
Warren Jackson
Majel Kelly
Evlyn Kitchin
Wallace Lawrence
Eugenia Long
Claretta Longbreak
Paul Mallory
Ruth May
Pierce McKarns
Olive Moore
Harold Motter
Lena Musser
Josephine Phillips
Ocena Price
Jay Ransom
Helen Ray
Marion Reed
Pearl Richardson
Gale Salsbury
Hazel Sevrence
Merceil Manon
Alice Motter
Jake Sheets
Bernice Shuder
Grant Shumacher
Bessye Six
Orpha Smith
Pauline Spangler
Leora Stauffer
Donald Stombaugh
Maurice Tressler
Thelma Wampler
Irene Wonsetler
Owen Wyandt

Arlene Yarnell

Junior Class

Coué Said It

– Vollmerimo Adrisoribus

AIN'T I tough!

Flap →

Here's lookin' atchu

← Flap!

By Heck!

Bob & Fritz

Lock-step

Memories

– Strong Wind

Bee's Knees

Don't Rush

"Cutie"

House of Wise

– and I will give you –

Going up

M T →

Tweet-tweet

← Halls

SOPHOMORE

Sophomore Class

'Twas but yesterday we were Freshmen. Today we are Sophomores, not domineering and proud as some cruel critic seems to think; but friendly and sympathetic to those poor unfortunates who have stepped into the places we have left—well not so very long ago.

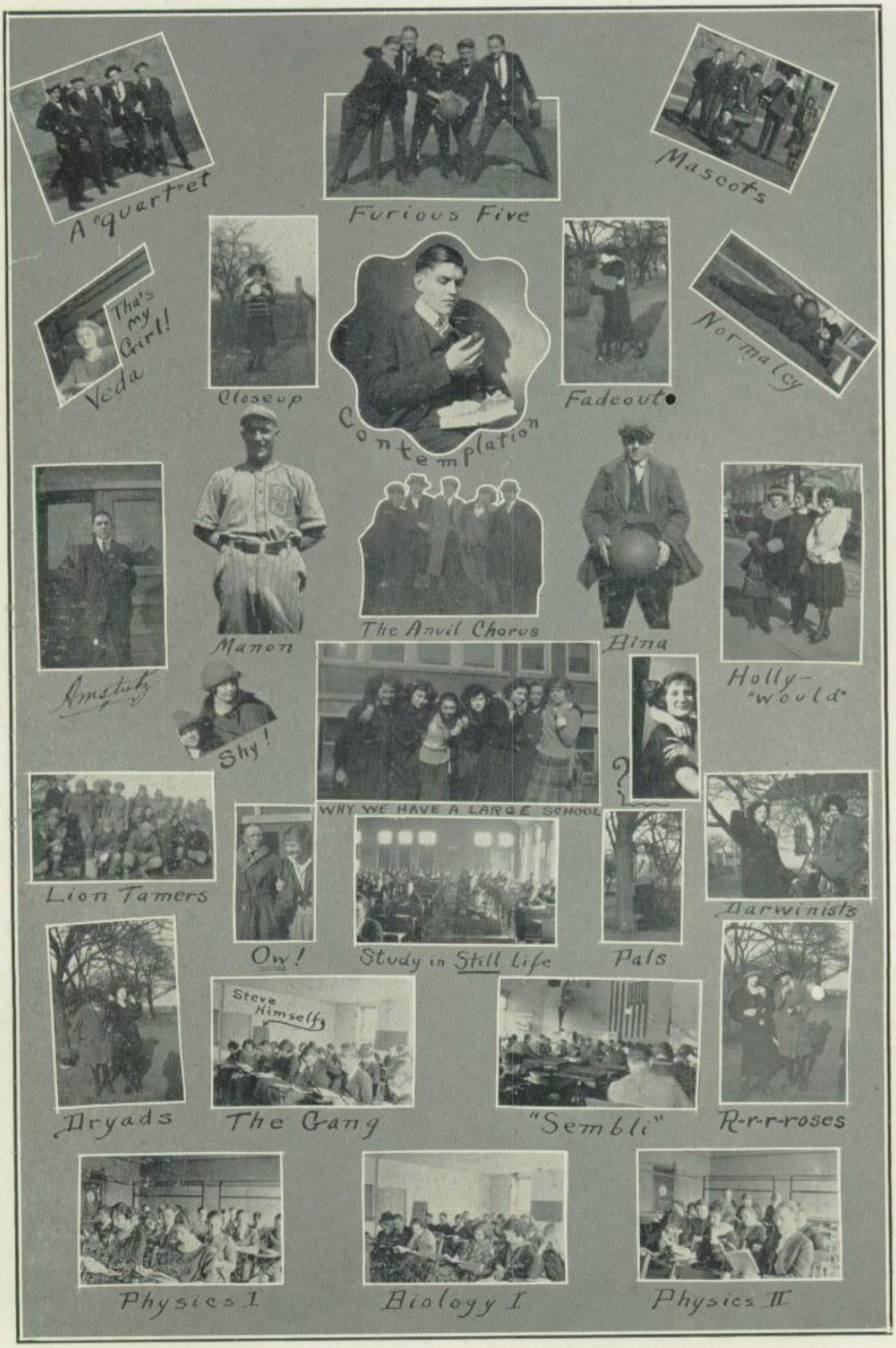
We are loyal to our B. H. S. and wholly worthy of sharing her glories and conquests as well as her new sorrows.

As we go onward to our shining goal, Wisdom, the pathway grows more rough and steep, but undaunted and courageous we shall not fail.

We will strive to make our High School proud of us.—*C. C. '25.*

Class Roll

Geneva Arnold
Raymond Baker
LaVerne Bailey
Janice Baird
Paul Barnes
Dean Boucher
Harold Burkhart
Oscar Carlin
Lucille Castor
Lenore Christman
Cleoh Clay
Bernard Connin
Lillian Conover
Lawrence Cook
Wayne Cook
Clinton Corwin
A. R. Dewese
Clark Dimler
Lulu Drout
Junior Eaton
Kenneth Gardner
Naomi Glenn
Dorothy Hall
Charles Henry
Harry Hester
Kenneth Hill
Lois Hudkins
Lillian Julliard
Earl Kimble
Samuel Kintner
Ruth Knapp
Edith Kyser
William Laffey
Fred Lamp
Robert Lowe
Undine Meech
W. Miller
Newell Newcomer
Daniel Norris
Helen Oliver
Dale Overly
Fredrick Parker
Lamoille Partee
Mildred Pinkerton
Mabel Priest
Edith Ramsey
Richard Rector
Veda Robinett
Dorothy Rotsell
Margaret Rotsell
Ardis Schaaf
Leone Schartzer
Dean Schartzer
Carleton Snyder
Deah Snyder
Margaret Sprow
Walter Stauffer
Ruth Thompson
Charles Vincent
Millard Walker
Lucille Weber
Langdon Wilson
Robert Winzeler
Edna Woodward
Nadine Yanney
Howard Young

Sophomore Class

A "quartet
Furious Five
Mascots
That's my Girl!
Veda
Closeup
Contemplation
Fadeout
Normalcy
Manon
The Anvil Chorus
Bina
Amsterdam
Shy!
Holly-"would"
Lion Tamers
WHY WE HAVE A LARGE SCHOOL
?
Darwinists
Ow!
Study in Still Life
Pals
Dryads
Steve Himself
The Gang
"Sembli"
R-r-r-roses
Physics I
Biology I
Physics II

FRESHMAN

Freshman Class

We are Freshmen, small but mighty. Perhaps we haven't as many brains as our learned Seniors but we have enough to win success and we are going right after it, too. We work hard in school and play hard on the field and in the gym. We have lots of pep and are always there when it comes to supporting our team or school. Our class has furnished some good material for athletics and the prospects are still more promising for next year. If we are "green" as some people call us, we can be glad because then we can have all the more chance of learning things from our dear old school. We don't expect to be like the wise Seniors—owls, but we try our hardest to be the very best little owlets that Bryan Hi ever had. Watch us! We'll make her proud of us before we've finished!—*E. V. E.* '26

Class Roll

Howard Ames
Zelma Baker
Mabel Bankey
Nellie Beavers
Raymond Benner
Gerald Bosserman
Louis Boucher
Charles Boynton
J. T. Brown
Kenneth Brenner
Margaret Bunting
Russel Caldwell
Lucille Calvin
Francis Calvin
John Calvin
Marie Castor
Lamoille Christman
Robert Churchman
Maurice Cook
Carmon Cotter
Arthur Cronk
Elsworth Dargitz
Clarence Deal
Robert DeMuth
Donald Detro
Rainy Dierks
Harold Dietrich
Olive Doughten
Tommy Downs
Leah Ebinger
Flora Ebinger
Virginia Ellis
Glen Elsasser
Marvel Ensign
Myrtle Erlsten
Margaret Essi
Louise Etoll
A J. Ewan
Clayton Fisher
Francis Frappier
Delphin Fritz
Celia Fritzsche
Paul Garver
Robert Gleason
Oscar Hageman
Victor Hesrick
Helen Hineman
Dorothy Hoffman
Helen Huffman
Clyde Humbarger
Ellen Hutto
Flossie Impton
Carlton Johnston
Elise Kernen
Moultry Kirby
Martha Kunkle
Irene Laffey
Claire Lamberson
Garwyn Lane
Donald Laverty
Mildred Long
Deber Long
Virgil Luke
Avona Manon
Lenore Mason
Olive Meek
Violetta Meek
Verona McKee
Charles Meiser
DeMoris Mick
Herbert Miller
Clark Miller
Richard Myers
Luther Neikirk
Nelda Neill
Wayne Neiswender
John Paine
Dorris Perkins
Loyd Richardson
Audrey Rinkle
Oscar Robarge
George Rosenbrook
Martin Runge
Nora Rupp
Roswell Russel
Grace Sauders
Evelyn Schug
Leona Schuhmacher
Floyd Shaver
Pauline Shouf
Helen Sidle
Marjorie Silcox
Dorothy Smith
Eolsie Six
Richard Solier
Helen Spangler
Kenneth Stantz
Forest Steelsmith
Alec Stockton
Myron Stough
Rachel Stuller
John Thiel
Paul VanGundy
John Vincent
Walter Welch
Helen Whyman
Ruth Wiles
LeRoy Wilson
Helen Winegardner
Arlene Wineland
Alma Wischmeyer
Carmen Worthington
Wayne Yarnell

Football Games

18 SOUTH BEND; 0 BRYAN

Not being successful in obtaining a team of smaller caliber for the initial contest our representatives on the gridiron encountered the South Bend eleven which outweighted them approximately thirty pounds per man. The train being late, our team was forced to drive one hundred-five miles through a steady downpour with scarcely sufficient time remaining, after its arrival, to eat before rushing to the field of play. Inexperience and the trip somewhat decided the first half during which the opponents scored twelve points. The second half proved entirely different for the pigskin was in the enemies territory most of the time. Penalties for excitedly missobserving rules cost us at least one touchdown, the loss of the ball, and the final touchdown by South Bend. A word might be said concerning the good sportsmanship on the side lines and the royal support of Missouri University students as well as those from Notre Dame who had wandered from their native "Buckeye" State.

WAUSEON 0; BRYAN 12

Again our warriors clashed with men of superior weight and stood the test Deweese having been injured in practice, we were, and shall be the reminder of the season deprived of his services. Kerr acting in the capacity of fullback was injured early in the third quarter at the start of a ferocious drive which netted our first touchdown, disheartened the opponents and after placing the ball across the goal for the second time, was interrupted by the final whistle. The final score of 12-0 brought much cheering from the one hundred twenty-five representatives who accompained the team.

STRYKER 0; BRYAN 0

Spurred on by the stinging defeat last year, the Bryan gladiators met their neighboring rivals who likewise desired to wipe out the bitter defeat handed them, in the absence of their two best players, by Woodward the week previous. Our team was somewhat handicapped by being forced to fill vacancies with inexperienced men but nevertheless held Stryker and furthermore, in the last quarter, started a "charge of the light brigade" which seemed to cause our rivals to cease breathing until the final whistle prevented scoring. The "Howling Hundred" certainly did their part and could scarcely out do the remainder of the student body who joined them.

26 HICKSVILLE; 13 BRYAN

Bryan opened an attack which fairly took our Defiance Co. neighbors off their feet and resulted in a touchdown. Lacking an umpire, the referee was not able to see every player in each play and un-necessary roughness ensued which impaired the work of some of our players in the remaining games. Undaunted by the fact that the "breaks of the game," were going against them, our warriors fought with determination until the last whistle blew and the score stood 13 to 26 against them.

FOSTORIA

Again a Bryan team entered the lair of that well-known city of athletes and boiler makers. Surprising to our host was the fact that even their reserves outweighted our team though "Sailor our 245 lb. mascott was averaged in with the rest of our "kids." Greatly underestimating us Fostoria started their reserve back field and their veteran line against us. In the first quarter, by a series of brilliant plays or "kids" forced the opponents back to the shadow of their own goal. A deluge of veterans rushed to report to the referee and at this time by some slip in the cogs we lost the ball and immediately took the defense. Featured by repeated fifty yard passes and skillful work on the part of the umpire and head linesman the time sped on, being stopped now and then when a Bryan player dropped unable to stand the onslaught longer. At last! The whistle blew and Bryan's light weights proved themselves good loosers though beaten by 68 points.

0 DEFIANCE; 28 BRYAN

With blood heated to a great degree by the defeat a year previous the Bryan eleven vowed "they shall not pass." They did not pass; nor did they plunge the line, punt or in any way gain the upper hand. Practically any play chosen proved successful in making the required yardage and the purple and gold triumphed by a score of 28 to 0.

20 WOODWARD; 12 BRYAN

The Woodward team came here with a brilliant record, having defeated Stryker 85 to 0 earlier in the season. They succeeded in taking advantage of an open field early in the game and crossed our goal twice. The Bryan defense stiffened and on the offense the eleven outplayed the city school team. The negro backfield player was heard talking with his coach and explaining why Woodward couldn't run away with Bryan: "Ma land ob massa, boss, dem boys don't know when dey're beat; dey nebber stop fighten."

0 EDON; BRYAN 15

Edon having been successful in most of its games in the earlier part of the season we scheduled them and found that their line though not the heaviest, was one of the stiffest we had met. Our furious attack would not be denied however and the contest ended one more victory for the purple and gold, 15 to 0.

6 NAPOLEON; 6 BRYAN

The annual Thanksgiving day tilt with Napoleon this year was to decide the league championship and excited great interest in this section. Bryan marched across the goal line early in the first quarter by means of straight football but, shortly after three of our veterans were disabled temporarly and a faint touch of "staleness" seemed to sap the energy of the team. In the second half contrary to the umpire's interpretation the referee ruled what should have been a dead ball as an onside kick and thus gave Napoleon a touchdown. Apparently the word of Walter Camp and Eckersaul were worthless, for the game ended in a tie and gave Napoleon the cup according to percentages.

Girls' Basket Ball

Priest Winegardner Coach Wince Price
Richardson Hall Huffman Castor
Hesrick Capt. Weber Kelly

CAPTAIN, LUCILE WEBER "Lucy."

We could always count on Lucy to do her very best and we loved to see her play. She plays forward and will be here again next year.

DOROTHY HESRICK "84."

She played guard. Last year she made a reputation for herself and in the tournament, she surely lived up to it. She has another year to play for Bryan.

LUCILLE CASTOR "Lucy Balls."

All that was necessary was to yell Swartz or "Guard her Lucy" and Lucy simply messed up her forward to a fare-you-well. She will play again next year.

HELEN HUFFMAN "Huffy."

This was Helen's first year at basket ball for the High School but we surely welcome her. She plays forward and can keep the best of guards on the jump. She has three more years to make a name for herself.

MAJEL KELLY "Kelly."

What she lacks in speed she makes up in basket shooting. Her work at Napoleon was especially commendable. She can play center, too. She has another year.

HELEN WINEGARDNER "Winey."

This is Winey's first year and we expect more of her next year. She took her knocks like a sport and wore a black eye for two weeks as a remembrance of the tournament. She plays center and we wish her luck.

PEARL RICHARDSON "Pill."

Pearl surprised us all. We didn't know she was such a fine running center. When she couldn't catch the ball she slid for it. She will play again next year.

DOROTHY HALL "Dot."

This was Dorothy's first year playing for Bryan and we are glad to have her with us. She is full of pep and not afraid to play. She played guard and will be back next year.

OCENA PRICE "Cenie."

She never misses practice and we can always depend on her. She is light and doesn't get many chances to play. The opposing centers are out of luck when she does play for she can surely "stick." She has another year and we know she will be back.

MABEL PRIEST "Butch."

She didn't get to finish the season because of a fall. We missed her and hope she will be back in center next year.

JOSEPHINE PHILLIPS "Joe."

She only played part time and we hope she will be back next year. We need her, for she can play wherever she is needed.

COACH WINCE

This is Miss Wince's first year here. We feel that by next year we should have a splendid team for she has wonderful material and she knows basket ball. The same team will be back and with more speed they can do wonders. While this was not a winning year, counting scores, at least it has not been wasted. The girls have played clean basket ball and have done their best. No one should complain against defeat and we will have another chance in the tournament next year.

E. Price. '23

Basket Ball

Deweese Manon

Norris Smith Lawrence Ward Sheets

Tubbs Eyster Conkey Yarnell

Coach Lyons

A smaller team with greater powers
Shall ne'er within the land be found;
They crumbled not at scorers showers
For always was their spirit sound.

TUBBS "Dick."

The Captain-Was-he-on,—well Wauseon seemed to think he was when he proceeded to demonstrate on long shots. Once again we state that size sometimes counts inversely.

CONKEY "Bina."

The "little gaint" would not admit that Bonaparte was the most brilliant little man, hence, he proceeded to wage a winning fight with Napoleon. Small parcels are not to be shunned by the best of men.

WARD "Bob."

A guard of honor who never hesitated to respond when summoned to protect our goal. Service, his watchward.

MANON "Merceil."

Merceil proved extremely valuable as a floor man and never permitted his determination to cool.

KERR "Eddie."

Ike's spirit toward the game has, if possible, improved much and he was capable of filling any position on the team when needed.

LAWRENCE "Wallie."

Wallie, tho' crude perhaps at times, gave his best toward winning the game. What more can be asked?

NORRIS "Sleepy."

Dan tho' he may have slept a little, certainly did not injure his eye for the basket in so-doing.

SMITH "Slabby."

He stuck. How few there are who win success without this clinging quality.

SHEETS "Jake."

Ever ready and willing to carry on the strife with a grim determination.

The Games

Experience they say leads men to the fore
Yet Alumni lost twenty-two to one score.

Pioneers blaze trails thru hemlock and pine
Howe'er Bryan won by 'leven to nine.

Pure skill, we are told, can ne'er the jinx shelve
Hence we lost to Stryker—eight points to twelve.

Van Wert profits not by climbing a tree
We o'ertook their score and increased it by three.

Well—Archbold won tho they scarcely could thrive
On a score that eclipsed our nine points by five.

Once more did they win in their home town cage
Quadrupling our points on this night seemed the rage.

Napoleon this once would not be denied
Tho' three o'er-time periods the score remained tied.

"Dope buckets" upset, and spilt all their pride
Twenty-six—eighteen—Wauseon near died.

Defiance came next in the deluge wave
Twenty-one to nineteen was the thrashing we gave.

Poor sports may refuse to admit our skill;
Forfeit by Ney was accompanied by thrill.

Defeat—it is naught by champ's o' the court;
One score minus five, of Stryker's fell short.

O'er-shadowed by rafters our small score—four
Wauseon did increase to four plus two score.

The last home game's work should all of us please
Pemberville won not the victory with ease.

Napoleon this time it's Waterloo met
For victory its army no-how could get.

Track

Our constellation ruled the skies on the eleventh day of May although no individual of the collection possessed sufficient brilliance to outshine the others. Two weeks previous to the encounter we discovered numerous diamonds in the rough and certainly the other jewels of this section can not outglow them when they are polished. Such men as Lawrence, Henry, Musser and Miller as dash men; Conkey, Sheets, and Chappuies as distance men; Dimler and Youse hurling the discus; Ward and Everhart jumping; Ward and Everhart hurling the javelin; Conkey and Cook vaulting; Sheets and Lowe putting the shot; and Richardson, Weber, Phillips, and Huffman our feminine representatives hold our colors against all comers.

Tennis

Perhaps we have no Tilden, Paterson, Williams, or Richards, yet no one dare deny that such an aggregation as Tubbs, Overholt, Wyandt, Thomas, Krone, and C. Dimler are unsurpassed in this section as high school representatives. They are scheduled to play

Montpelier, May 4
Defiance, May
Montpelier (Here) May 18
Defiance (Here) May

Inter-Class

The Seniors massed their attack with Napoleanic pre-cogitation, placing men in positions which many chuckled at previous to the meet, but not afterwards. The Juniors started strong by placing in the 100 yd. and 50 yd. dashes, the shot and half mile, but these could not counterbalance three places in the broad jump, first in the javelin, relay, 440 yd. dash, and two places in the high jump. The classes remained in their proper order in classification of points, and individuals responded royally to the call of their colors.

MUSIC

Music Department

For the past eight years pupils entering the High School have been granted credit toward graduation for outside study of piano when accompanied by the study of Theory and Harmony and Music History in classes in the school.

This feature is very much appreciated by pupils who wish to continue their music study through their High School years. Other music features have been Glee Clubs and an Orchestra which are always in demand for school entertainments.

Several graduates have received encouragement through their school days, thus making it possible for them to follow a musical career in after years.

F. A. Tubbs.

High School Orchestra

J. Eaton, Myers, Burgbacher, W. Eaton, Ransom, Musser, Overholt, Wyandt
Dimler, Aungst, Prof. Tubbs
Tubbs, Stauffer, Laverty, Richardson, Sprow

The Bryan High School has had a very good orchestra this year. Its members were on hand every Thursday evening, willing and eager to practice.

The orchestra played better music than ever before and played it well. It was fully appreciated by the school at the times when it was before the public.

Mr. Tubbs is to be thanked for the time and trouble he took to give the members an orchestral training, which is very desirable in a musical career.

Donald Laverty

The Assembly Singing

This year the whole high school enjoyed a half hour period a week with Mr. Tubbs. That half hour period came on Thursday mornings.

This period served to let some of the enthusiasm (?) escape from our supersaturated lungs in the form of sweet music which enchanted even the squirrels, making then run to and fro on the cables just outside (probably looking for nuts, but, thanks to our crafty architects, they were unable to get in and carry away our Freshmen) But even at that it was the half hour most enjoyed by everybody concerned.

Paul Barnes. (?)

Girls' Glee Club

Clara Young, Naomi Carlin, Arlene Wineland, Olive Doughten, Susan Castor, Josephine Phillips, Pauline Spangler, Dorothy Hesrick, Emily Price, Helen Winegardner, Cleoh Clay, Florence Goller, Leora Stauffer, Majel Kelly, Francis Grim.

Theodoshia Hughes, Helen Whyman, Margaret Sprow, Ardis Schaaf, Helen Hoffman, Naomi Glenn, Nellie Hilbert, Mable Bankey, Helen Spangler, Ocena Price, Elizabeth Harmon, Virginia Ellis.

"And Home Came Ted"

Certainly, throughout the decades there has never been a play put on by more talented artists than this years Senior Class Play.—Zeta-Cordia.

The Cast is:—

Skeet Kelly ..... Richard Tubbs
Molly Macklin ..... Emily Price
Miss Loganberry ..... Beulah Drout
Ira Stona ..... Russell Everhart
Aunt Jubilee ..... Dale Smith
Diana Garwood ..... Nedra Wonsetler
Mr. Man ..... Paul Krone
Henrietta Darby ..... Telva Goetz
Ted ..... Bina Conkey
Elsie ..... Dorothy Thomas
Jim Ryker ..... Charles Rector

And of all the mystery plays this is certainly the most mysterious of all.

From the very beginning when the ones at the "Rip Van Winkle Inn" are waiting so anxiously for Ted the heir, until the last curtain, there is one continous wave of mirth and laughter and one surprise after another. It is wholly a delight. It's not a smile, it's not a laugh, but a scream.

Latin Play

On the evening of April 20th the Latin classes gave a public entertainment in the Auditorium. The program consisted of two humorous readings given in part English and Latin; a group of songs sung in Latin; a dialogue in which Caesar appeared; a play "Roman Wedding," and a candle drill given by nine girls impersonating the Vestal Virgins. Posters made by pupils, whose aim was to show the relation of Latin to practical life, were on exhibition. *Mrs. R. Vollmer.*

Glee Club

If you should come along the upper hall some Tuesday evening between the hours of three-thirty and four-thirty, you would hear some very sweet music, and if you like music, and I presume you do, you will investigate from whence it comes.

As a result you will find the Girls' Glee Club. Prof. Tubbs is the instructor, and much praise is due him for the patience with which he has taught in Bryan High School thru the years he has been here, and to him Bryan, as a school and a town, owes a deep and everlasting debt of gratitude, but the Glee Club in particular wishes to express its thanks for what he has done for it, during the past year.

Elizabeth Harmon.

Literary Societies

Zetagathean

The High School is fortunate in having the Zetagathean society. While only a few programs have been given, they have been worth while. Both societies have proven to be beneficial, both to the ones taking part in the program and to the school.

The two combined "Con-Zet" programs given on the evenings of November 24, 1922 and April 3, 1923 were well attended both by the public and high school students. These were the best programs of the year.

The Zetagathean officers for this year are as follows:—

President..... ....Robert Lowe
Vice-Pres. .... Marion Harrold
Secretary..... ....Lenore Ruff

We of the Zetagathean Society thank Mr. Shuman for his part in making the programs a success.

It is hoped the Zetagathean Society will continue to be a part of the activity of Bryan High School, that those entering may also be benefited as have we.

F. Goller.

Concordian

The Concordian Literary Society originated in the Bryan High School in the year of 1904 and continued very successfully until the years of 1919 and 1920 when it was disbanded.

Two years ago it was revived again. It gave nearly every pupil an opportunity to partake on at least one of the programs. Skill and talents were portrayed in this way which otherwise would have remained hidden.

The combined "Con-Zete" programs were given in the High School Auditorium on the evenings of Nov. 24, 1922; and April 3, 1923. They were well attended by the School and the parents. It is hoped that the excellent work will continue in the future.

The officers were chosen as follows:—

Paul Krone ..... President
Carleton Snyder ..... Secretary
Majel Kelly ..... Asst. Secretary

We wish to take this opportunity to thank them for their excellent cooperation in making the programs successful; also to express our gratitude to Mrs. Vollmer and the other teachers for their loyal support.

We Seniors are very sorry to leave, but, never-the-less, in years to come, we will boast of having been a member of the "Concordian Literary Society," and we hope that it will always be a part of Bryan High School. *S. E. Castor.*

The Triangular Contest

The Triangular Literary and Musical Contest, the second contest of its kind ever held between Napoleon, Wauseon and Bryan, was held on the evening of February twenty-first.

The Bryan representatives went to Napoleon and the Wauseon representatives came to Bryan. Napoleon and Wauseon representatives met at Wauseon.

The Bryan representatives who contested with the Wauseon representatives were as follows:

Piano Solo

Margaret Sprow . . . . . "Valse Polonaise"—*Pinguet*

Oration

Charles Rector . . . . . "Samaritan or Levite"

Vocal Solo

LaVerne Bailey . . . . . "When My Ships Come Sailing Home"

Debate

"Resolved that the United States should cancel the World War Loans to the Allies."—Samuel Kintner, Robert Zimmerman, Russel Everhart.

Russel Everhart received one point as best speaker.

The Bryan representatives who contested with Napoleon were as follows:

Piano Solo

Helen Winegardner . . . . . "The Whirlwind"

Oration

Dorothy Ingalls . . . . . "Master Building"

Vocal Solo

A. R. Dewees . . . . . "Mother McCree"

Debate

Gordon Musser, Junior Eaton, Dale Smith.

Junior Eaton received three points as best speaker.

Debate Club

One evening after school a number of students met in room seven for the purpose of organizing the Debate Club. This was accomplished by electing Wilbur Eaton President and Francis Grim Secretary.

At the first meetings, which were held at 7:30 P. M. on Tuesday evening, social and economic questions of the day were discussed. Finding that this time interfered with other activities of the school the meetings were changed to 3:30 P. M. on the same evenings as before. The subject taken up was the one for the Triangle Debate: (Resolved that the United States should cancel all loans made to the Allies).

From among those who attended most regularly, the debating teams were chosen. The members of the teams were acquainted with either side of the question as they were required to debate both sides. The negative contested with Napoleon on February 21, 1923; the affirmative with Wauseon February 21, 1923.

The Hi-Y Club

Mr. White, Faculty Advisor
Paul Krone, President
Earl Kimble, Secretary and Treasurer

Faculty Counsul
Mr. Wyandt
Mr. Baker
Mr. Lyons

The Hi Y club was organized in Bryan for the first time, this year and even then it was late in the year before it got organized right.

The first interest was aroused by a visit from Mr. Byrum, State HighSchool Secretary, who invited the fellows whom the faculty thought might be interested, to an older boys conference at Akron. Unfortunately only two were able to attend, Wyandt and Krone, however they brought back very favorable reports and started the organization. Then some time later four of the fellows, Eaton, Kimble, Parker and Krone attended another conference at Fostoria, where they learned of the great purpose and works of other Hi Y clubs. Here interest was aroused for certain and the club was organized.

Since that time, this club has striven for a higher standard of Christian life in the school and has, besides, arranged for several other worthwhile events which have been heard or seen about the school.

The Hi Y club wishes to thank the Faculty Counsul for the great help and friendliness which it has shown to the club at all times and to especially thank Mr. White who has given us his time and energy.—*P. R. Krone '23*

Radio Club

A group of "night owls" met one afternoon after school and organized what is known as "The Bryan Radio Bugs." The following officers were elected: Charles Rector, President; Lawrence Cook, Vice President; Bernard Connin, Secretary-Treasurer; Wayne Cook, Asst. Secretary-Treasurer. It was not a very paying proposition for Bernard says no dues were received, it being a widely known fact that Radio Nuts are always "broke." The total enrollment was about twenty. We had regular meetings once each week at which everything from a crystal detector to the most powerful super-sensitive inter-world receiving sets were discussed. An attempt was made to drive some code into the heads of members but owing to some opposition little success was attained. A few marvelous discoveries were made, among them a new way to blow out tubes, and a new way to short the phones. We performed many interesting experiments and enjoyed the times we had together. Next year the club will undoubtedly be more successful than it was this year.—*C. Rector '23.*

It May Be Comedy for Some But Its Tragedy for Me

A small cloud of dust came rapidly down the dusty, hot street. Immediately behind it came another but larger cloud. The small cloud resolved itself into an elephantine figure which ran into a certain house, and the other cloud became a gang of boys who were yelling loudly, "Cowardy calf, Cowardy calf," "Fatty won't fight," "Coward," "Coward," yelled bully Jim at the head of his scrappers.

Inside of the house quiet prevailed for ten minutes, then a huge unwieldly shape crawled out from under the bed and stood erect. The boy did not tremble visibly because his skin was so far away from his insides but his insides were doing a Slingo Sligo Slide, also a hop, skip and a jump every time he took a step.

Then this—well I can't call it a shadow for it was far more substantial—cautiously peeked around a window shade. Seeing that the boys were gone it threw up the blind and let the "blessed sunshine" in.

The boy, for such the figure was, visited the family larder and returned, fortified against the mid-morning appetite with a very large slice of bread and jelly. Comfortably ensconced in a great easy chair the object of Fates hatred sighed, a large, substantial one, the kind one expects from a fat person.

Then the boy spoke, "gee, its tough to be fat, you can't do anything. You can't fight and you can't run. If I hadn't got a good start that gang would have got me. Golly, but this is tough." The large sized one was evidently in need of comfort and he sought and found it in the pages of "The Boys' World."

After reading about the "Lake that would not freeze," and "The Boys of Silver Cove," the fat one decided to pass on. As he turned the leaves he saw a large graphic advertisemnt to-wit, as follows:

DON'T BE FAT
Dr. Miller's Remedy! A Sure Thing!
Get a Remedy from us at once!
Only Five Dollars! It's Worth It.
Address, Heeza Dumbell, President of
Miller and Dumbell, Ltd.
Wildville, Canada.

The rotund form shot out of the chair with surprising velocity, and danced wildly around the room. "I dare anyone to call me Fatty. If Bully Jim or any of his gang call me that I'll knock 'em for a row of glass houses, I will! I won't be fat! I won't be fat!

Finally the outburst subsided and the boy read the add through once more. A frown appeared on the innocent face at the word "five dollars." The total cash Fatty had on hand was one cent. For over an hour our hero used his brain, assisted by a slice of bread and a piece of pie. At last, after many propositions had been offered and rejected, one finally resolved itself. He would collect junk!

And so the International Junk Co. was organized with a capital of one cent.

Early the next day Fatty was in the alley collecting junk and old bottles.

It is very hard to collect five dollars worth of junk and bottles and Fatty found it out. But still he kept on. He had determination together with his great diameter. Soon every alley in town had been ransacked by Fatty and he was a frequent visitor at the town dump. Nothing could stop him from getting that five dollars.

After working for a month gathering junk Fatty took his back yard full to Goldstein and Co., junk dealers. There he received the large and magnificent sum of fifty cents for his junk.

Fatty then branched off into a larger way of business, which brought the money in much faster. After being errand boy for the neighborhood, paper carrier once a week, old paper and junk collector for three months, his entire vacation, Fatty got his five dollars. But even then, difficulties got into his path. He could not find a pencil and paper. He ransacked the house but unearthed nothing but a torn scrap of brown paper, which he used. He took his father's shaving brush, dipped it in the ink and printed his message on the brown paper. Then he mailed the missive.

The next morning punishment overtook him. The Avenging Angel, in the shape of his father, with the ruined shaving brush in one hand and a barrel stave in the other descended upon him, and for a day Fatty ate his meals standing up. But the pain vanished when he thought of the wonderful remedy which was to be his.

Every day for two weeks Fatty visited the post office and at last his patience was rewarded. With his precious letter in his hand he went to the seclusion of his room and read the missive as follows:

Dear Dumbell:

A sure cure for fatness. *Don't Eat!*

Fatty lifted his eyes to the sky and poured all his soul out in one long, heartfelt word.

It was, "Stung."

—*P. VanGundy.*

PHYSICS DEALS WITH MATTER AND ENERGY

SOCIETY

GAG. – 23.

Freshman Reception

Thursday, October 26, 1922 is a date the Freshmen will not soon forget.

The night was wonderful and everyone was jolly, and full of the spirit that comes with the excitement and mystery that precedes a party in the Gym. Everyone—except the Freshies and they waited nervously in the school hall. This night they were to take the test of initiation that determined their chances of being a success in B. H. S.

They were led by sturdy, capable upper classmen, so they would not fall from the high rocky path into the mysterious depths below. These faithful fellows also protected them from any monsters along the way.

Many passed through with a calm, peaceful, trustful attitude as to gain praise from all spectators; while others, judging from the screams, sobs, tears and groans were tortured almost beyond endurance. One cumbersome individual had a great amount of difficulty in riding the wild goat. Many came from the last of the ordeal wringing their hands and the zip of sparks told us our radio friend knew his business.

After the last Freshie was proclaimed a full-fledged member of B. H. S. an attempt was made to cheer them with some exhibitions of our high school talent. Our Senior President gave the Freshmen a very kind welcome which was almost as eloquently acknowledged by the Freshman President. Then there were songs and dances in which some handsome young men and ladies displayed their ability. One of our teachers refused to appear so his place was taken by an obliging little boy who led a few well known yells. Some of the other teachers had a chance to see themselves as others see them. They also helped in the humorous contests that followed. Mr. Atwood and Miss Wince allowed themselves to be beaten in a pie eating contest by an ingenious Freshie. Our champion heavyweight won in the Bobbing of Apples contest, nearly drowning Mr. Jones and himself in the attempt. The contest had been eaten by some of the hungry youngsters.

A game of three deep was kept going until orders for the Grand March were issued. Everyone found a partner and for a while the chattering voices were quieted.

Then we danced; and even those who were tired, crippled, or disabled soon forgot their complaints listening to our jazzy orchestra. The music really was very good, the floor was fine and the crowd even better.

Suddenly the lights flickered. All the upper classmen recognized this as the signal to leave as it is always used.

We hope that when the Freshmen left that night they did not feel that they had been conquered, but rather that they had conquered the one thing that stood in their way to becoming full-fledged high school members. We hope that they realize that they are now on equal ground with the rest and it is their duty to fight for Bryan Hi, to suffer with her when she is defeated and to rejoice when she is victorious.

Senior Spree

"7:30, be on time for once" were Chris' last words to the "dignified Seniors."

It was on Friday night after the Freshies "rode the goat" when the Seniors gathered to have their first party at Theadoshia's house.

It was a wonderful night but where was the gang that usually attends such affairs? We had more cars than people so we left Lonesome Liz stand in front of the school house till the "Faithful Few" returned.

Everyone was sleepy until we arrived. We lost our way, went to church, hit all the high spots in the road and after a rough ride, bounced into Theadosha's yard.

After we all collected ourselves and finally managed to get the girls away from the mirror, we were favored (?) with several delightful (and otherwise) vocal selections. Then we played "rattle on a tin pan" or something that sounded like that, and met the prominent Fly family. Our girls seem to have had more practice in winking than the fellows—ask most anyone.

We adjourned and went to get—a breath of fresh air (?) "Matches" were soon in evidence but no one is telling what kind!

Soon eats were served and Oh boy! Good! One poor little fellow dropped his fork and lost his supper. Ask D. S. about it. We had a terrible time finding it for him (?)

When it was all over we drove home with our feathers drooping sadly, and resolved never again to have a party following a wild Freshman Reception.

R. D. Ward, ,23.

Junior Party

The first Junior party was out at Dorothy Hesrick's in the country. The party was chaparoned by Mr. Amstutz, and of course every thing was quite the proper thing, as he was very watchful. We played many interesting games out of doors such as "three deep" etc. A few outsiders were present and were welcomed by the Juniors. Refreshments were: wieners, buns, marshmallows, and pickles. Everyone enjoyed the good eats and, feeling happy, left for home at an early hour.

Sophomore Party

Cleo Clay of Melbern Ohio entertained her class mates at her home Oct. — 1922. Miss Clay proved a very successful hostess, by entertaining with music and some old fashioned out door games.

Everyone had a good time and enjoyed the sandwiches, cocoa, popcorn and candy. They left for home at a reasonable hour. They could not do otherwise as Mr. White and Coach Lyons were the selected chaperones.

Gordon's Party

It was a rotten night in December but who ever knew snow and sleet to keep the crowd of '23 home from a party. And besides it was Gordon's birthday and Mrs. Musser had invited us out just to help celebrate. There wasn't a very big crowd but the ones that did go have never been sorry. After some big fights, both verbal and muscular, we had fine eats. Home made ice cream, cake, chocolate and wonderful apples were served.

Some checker experts showed up in the crowd. Others developed into skillful card players. Since it is one of the unwritten rules of this particular crowd to favor the guests in such occasions with music, we indulged in a few solos, duets, quartets and etc. Everyone remarks about the talent that is exposed at such gatherings.

We all had a fine time but it was Saturday night so all left in time to get to Sunday School.

Freshman Party

The Freshies made their first attempt at a High school party Nov. 17, 1922, and held the Hi-Klas social affair in the gym. They all claim they know how to have a good time and it appears, they were satisfied with the results of this trial.

They staged several contests and some "record-breaking-champions" were hailed with great applause. Even a Paderewski was discovered in this mixed assembly.

To suit the occasion there was a grand march and an "orkestry brayed" while eat were offered at the kitchen door. The hands of the time keeper's watch raced around the dial and they were unceremoniously ordered home.

Party for Mr. and Mrs. Lyons

During the Christmas vacation it began to be rumored that our coach had taken unto himself a better half. The rumor was verified when he returned accompanied by Mrs. Lyons. Then the faculty began to make plans for her initiation. They decided to surprise the young couple on Saturday night a week later. Accordingly the faculty, including the wives and husbands, met at the schoolhouse at five o'clock. They then proceeded in a body to the Lyon's home. Mrs. Wyandt was calling on Mrs. Lyons and thus diplomatically preventing the preparation of supper. There is no doubt about the genuineness of the surprise. After the "banquet", which is an appropriate name for the "eats," there were various games and contests. Then came the presentation of the gift, an electric coffee percolator, which Mrs. Lyons received most gracefully, in her speech of acceptance, inviting everyone to "drop-in" and enjoy a cup of coffee made in the new percolator.

Miss G. E. Marshall.

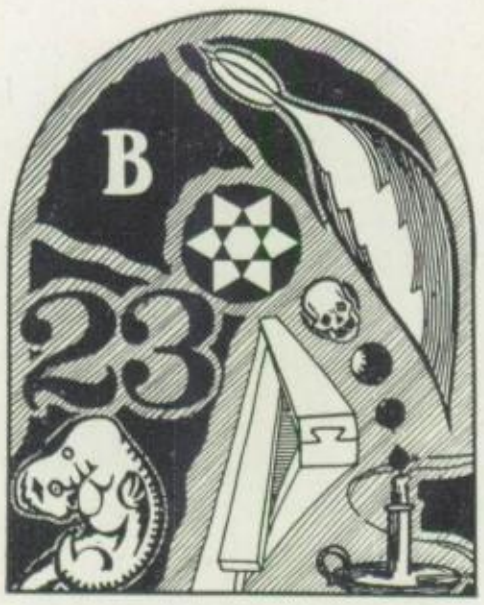
Teacher's Annual Picnic

"The best-laid schemes o'men and mice gang aft aglee"
The poet says, and sure the teachers all agree.
Their annual picnic long-looked-forward-to—
For teachers need some fun as much as pupils do—
The Man of Weather spoiled; a cruel hard-hearted man,
He takes away our joys whene'er he can,
It rained; the teachers needs must stay within
And have their party dry inside the gym.
"Dry" did I say? Oh, yes, damp it was not,
A dry occasion? No. A tiresome party's not our lot.
We fooled the Weather Man and had a better time
Than e'e● we had in woods when sun did shine.
We ate and ate till Shuman had his fill
E'en White and Jones could eat no more and live on, still;
Then feeling sore the need of exercise
The men did stunts which great amazed our eyes;
So nimble, agile, yes, they were; and more
Than this, "Tis athletes sure that grace our corps,"
In contest, games, the time did fly so fast,
The teachers' picnic soon alas, was past.
Despite our deep-laid schemes that went aglee,
And Weather's fiendish plots, the best of times had we.

Junior Party

Mrs. Shuhmacher gave a surprise party for her son, Grant, and invited all of his class to be present. A nice bunch of classmates attended and were entertained nicely by victrola music and dancing. Refreshments were served about eleven o'-clock and everyone enjoyed the home made candies, fruit-salad, sandwiches, pickles, and hot cocoa. We are all anxious to have another chance to help Grant celebrate his next birthday. Aren't we?

"Juniors."



"Go E.Z."

Two-Bits

"Bob"

"LADIES MAN"

Professor

"Kate"

HELP?!

EVER-SEE-THESE??

Grace

"Freshies"

"Shoot"

FRIENDS.

-The JIM-

"Mess"

☐ Heads.

AR's Advisory

Guess-Who?

"Winter Time"

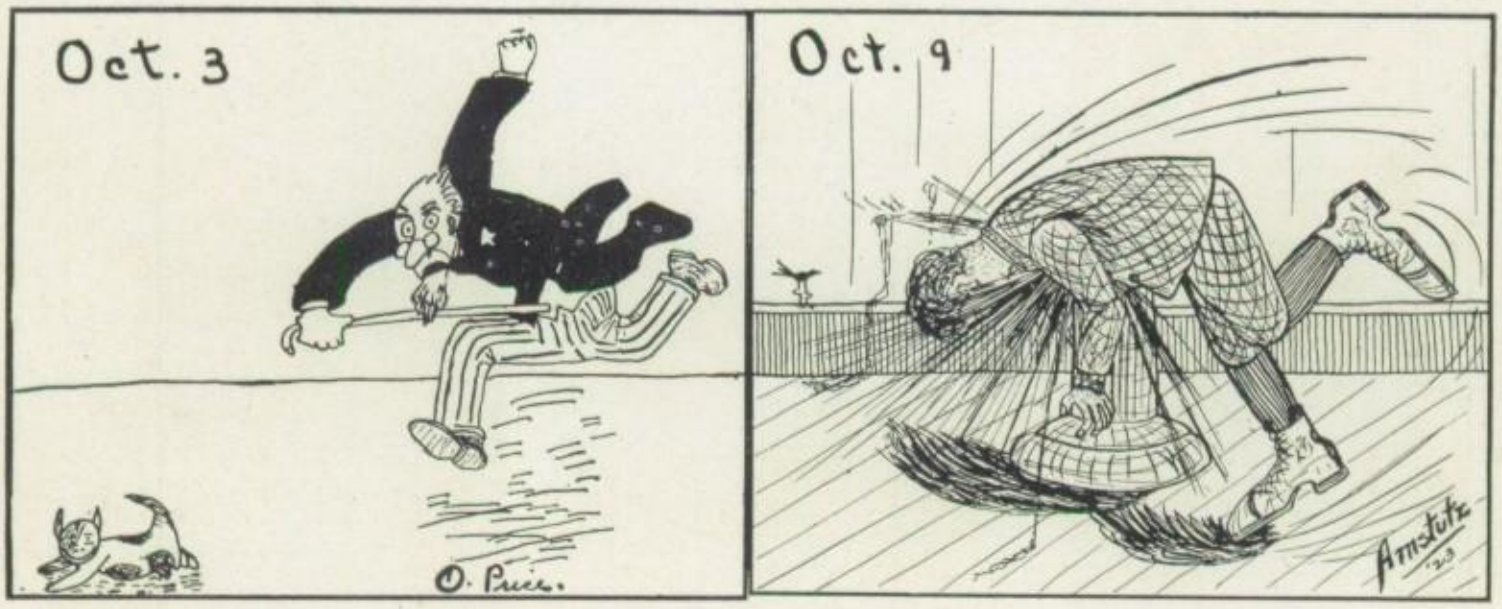
Want a Ride?

"Sweet Cookie"

CALENDAR

September

Tues. 5—School days, school days, dear old school days.
Wed. 14—Fair day—Giddap Dobbin, looks like rain.
Thurs. 15—Results.
Tues. 19—Mr. Atwood *nearly* stays awake, wonder of wonders.
Wed. 20—Margaret gives Jones a kiss, "sweet papa."
Thurs. 21—Bina makes his annual visit to Hicksville. "Fair enuf"
Mon. 25—H. S. roots for Lyons "Flying Pigs."
Tues. 26—Bessie Six quiet for once.
Wed. 27—Annual staff elected
Thurs. 28—Earl D. has history lesson but forgets it.
Fri. 29—Classes elect officers.

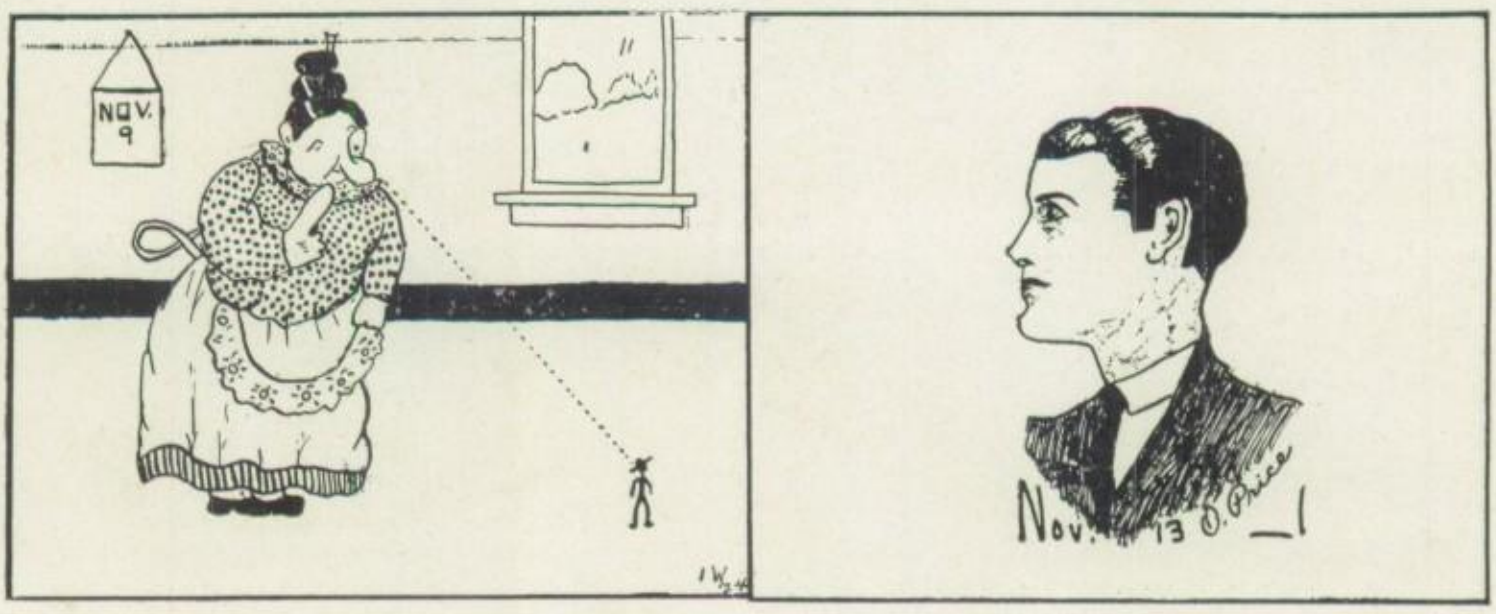


October

Tues. 3—Teachers wienie roast. Hot Dog.
Mon. 9—Oscar Robarge rides drinking fountain-Whoa Oscar
Tues. 10—Prohibition officer seen in town
Fri. 13—Ow, Wauseon-Take that.
Fri. 20—Con & Zete programs
Mon. 23—Auto accidents?
Tues. 31—Bina leaves English class by invitation.

November

Tues. 7—Jones for Common Pleas Judge.
Wed. 9—Atwood describes a woman
Fri. 10—Defiance gets a trimming and a banquet
Mon. 13—Omar's marcel, like the ocean wave.
Wed. 15—Start Yell contest big prize to be given
Tues. 21—What Ho! Mr. Baker with a blackeye?
Fri. 24—Edon champs? Well I guess not.
Wed. 29—Earl Dimler "knocks em dead with his violin."
Thurs. 30—Thanksgiving, and vacation for which we are all highly thankful.

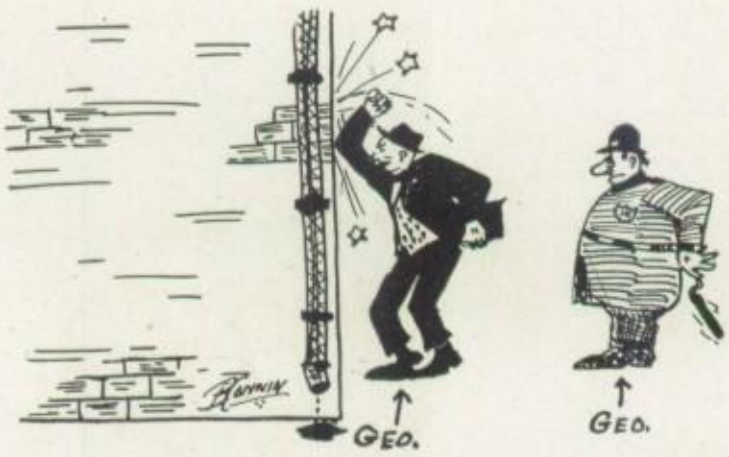


December

Tues. 5—Twenty days till Christmas what is Santa gonna bring yuh?
Wed. 6—Wayne Neiswander displays ability to imitate cow, learns of Atwood's physical ability.
Mon. 11—Why's every one so good?—14 days till Xmas.
Tues. 12—Susan C. flashes new diamond, congratulations Susan.
Wed. 13—Wonder of wonders, Ike Kerr bashful.
Thurs. 14—Book reports due "I lost mine."
Fri. 15—Closed, will reopen next year

January

Tues. 2—More new years resolutions to break.
Wed. 3—Enter Mrs. Lyons.
Thurs. 11—Plans Laid for Senior party.—Hot time in the old town tonite.
Fri. 12—Dave H. Starts a Harem.
Mon. 15—Two days left to cram—Atwood runs skipper down—Whoa Sparkplug.
Tues. 16—Just before the battle Mother.



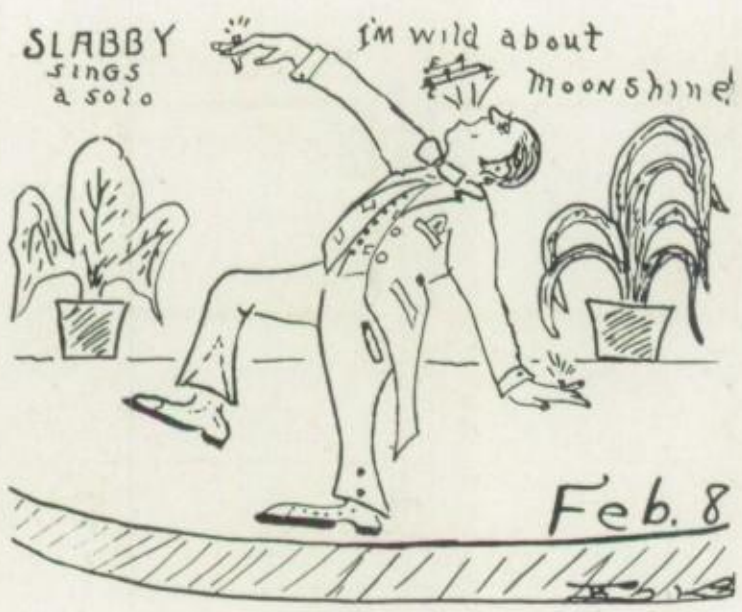
"JAN: 29TH"

"JAN.-30TH"

Wed. 17—EXAMS—and they too shall meet their fate.
Wed. 24—Grades appear, also smelling salts.
Mon. 25—Dimler and Manon go 50-50 in Physics.
Mon. 24—George Mellot gets fined $25 for breaking the peace, wonder which piece.
Tues. 30—Virginia and Jones Hit Stryker.

February

Thurs. 1—Seniors visit ice plant—Oh Boy!
Mon. 5—DeMuth makes undue haste to floor.
Thurs. 8—Slabby sings a solo.
Fri. 9—Con and Zete programs.
Tues. 13—Pete Krone takes reverend Sanatos's place on program.
Wed. 14—Reverend Sanatos does appear.
Fri. 16—Whoa Napoleon get back home.
Tues. 20—Dullness has many followers, on the progress of Dullness.
Wed. 21—Tri County Literary meet.
Fri. 23—Jones instructs us on manners s'no use.

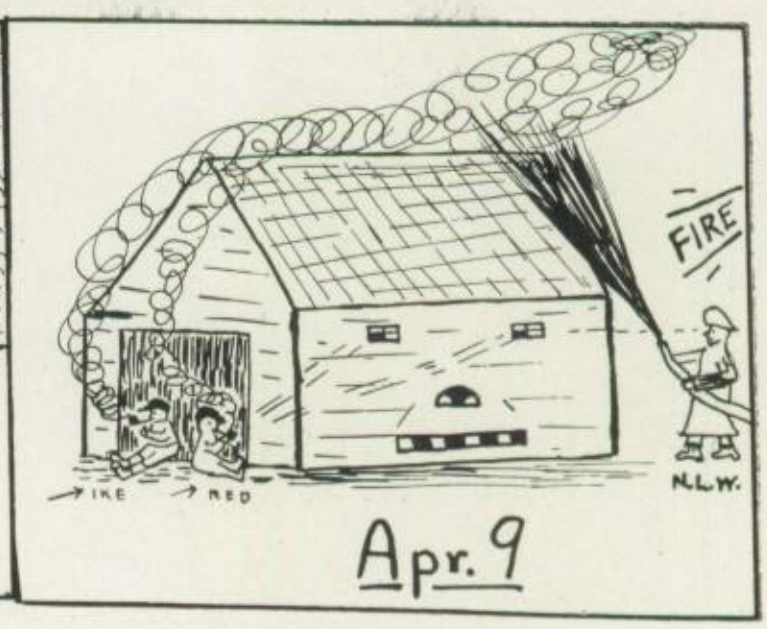


March

Thurs. 1—Rare Happenings in Physics class.
Fri. 2—Donald A. and (?) visit Toledo.
Mon. 5—Thin dresses newest a la Mode—Hot Stuff.
Tues. 6—Grade cards reappear.
Wed. 7—And now there's a Bakerette.
Thurs. 8—Georgia illustrates a perfect Figure.
Fri. 9—Fate of Seniors—Oh death where is thy sting?
Mon. 12—Mr. Jones loses an argument—really.
Wed. 14—Owen celebrates.
Fri. 16—Second annual Girls Tournament.

April

Mon. 2—Mary S. Champion bluffer.
Tues. 3—Earl D's studio free for all.
Wed. 4—Bob L. interested in Pearls.
Thurs. 5—Carleton S. Says "Love is insanity."
Fri. 6—Miss Wince visits (him) her friend.

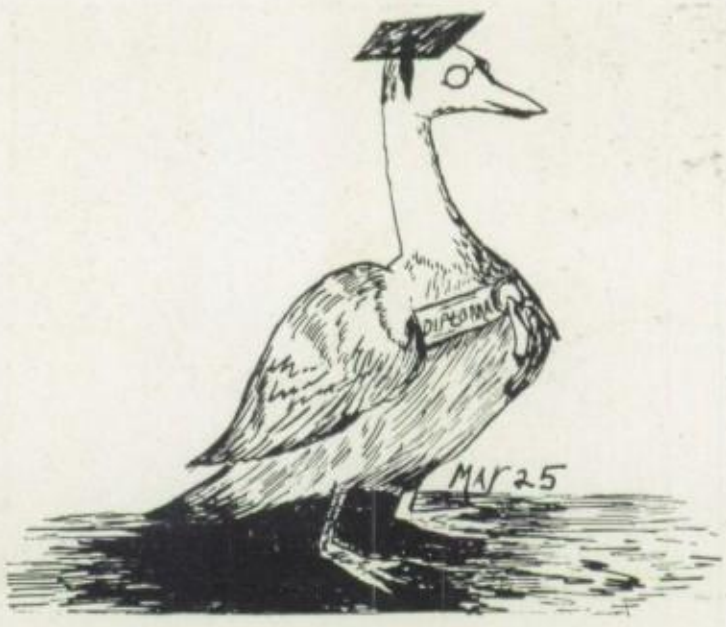


THIN DRESSES
A NAUGHTY SUN-RAY
May 7
WITH SINCEREST APOLOGIES — —
May 10
OH GOSH
SINCE YOU HAVE ASKED ME FOR MY OPINION -- YOU MAY TELL YOUR FRIENDS THAT IF I HAD 15 CHILDREN I'D SEND THEM ALL TO BRYAN HIGH
Armstutz '23

Mon. 9—Fire drill comes but twice a year.
Tues. 10—Georgia G. has a new picture of "him."
Wed. 11—French room popular for Senior lovers.
Thurs. 12—Physics classes visit the Electric plant.
Fri. 13—Unlucky day, Junior Hi entertains us.

May

Tues. 2—Carleton tells of a new discovery in medicine.
Wed. 2—News. H. S. Faculty in Chorus.
Thurs. 3—May festival this afternoon.
Fri. 4—Tennis tournament at Pelier.
Wed. 9—First things first by Mr. Fieldner
Fri. 11—Track meet—Montpelier—Go spark plug
Fri. 18—Pelier Here—tennis, Junior-Senior reception
Sun. 20—Baccalaureate Sermon
Tues. 22—Senior Play
Wed. 23—8th grade Commencement
Thurs. 24—High school Commencement
Fri. 25—Alumni Banquet



Comics

Scandal

Mary S.—I'm afraid I will never see you in Heaven.

Dale S.—Great Guns! What have you been doing now.

Aw Gwan

The frost is on the Pumpkin,
The leaves are everywhere,
The air is full of footballs,
And the football's full of air.

Sweet Cats

Mr. Amstutz—What is the worst weather for rats and mice?

Paul V. G.—Give up.

Mr. Amstutz—When it rains cats and dogs.

Compiled by O. C. A.

Experience is the only teacher not underpaid.

F. Henry—I was told in my early youth that if I didn't quit smoking cigarettes I'd be feeble-minded when I grew up.

Emily—Well, why didn't you quit?

Stewing

Old mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To sample her new home brew.
But when she got there, the cupboard was bear,
And the cook in the midst of a stew.

Ain't It The Truth

Miss Marshall—When was the great revival of learning?

Donald A.—Just before exams.

SO-DA-LICIOUS SODA

We can't serve all the ice cream sodas in Bryan
so we only serve the best

HOME MADE CANDIES

SCHRAFT'S AND SPANGLER'S CHOCOLATES

HOME MADE ICE CREAM AND SHERBETS

Bricks in any flavors and colors

CIGARS **CIGARETTES** **TOBACCO**

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The Cream of Ice Cream

As A Matter of Fact

Miss Roe—"Edith, if you have your life insured for $15,000 and committed suicide would you get the money"?

Edith Ramsey—"No, but I suppose my folks would."

Mrs. Vollmer—"What is the dative singular of 'donum?

Freshie—Don' know."

Mrs. Vollmer—"correct."

Caesar Student, translating—"So great was the shortness of their time."

Further translation by the same student—"Great beasts were moved and stood still."

Poor Nadine

In Bookkeeping.

Miss Roe—"Nadine, empty your mouth and put it in the waste basket.

Mr. Amstutz, to his Biology class—"Now just imagine, class if all of the objects in this room, which are made of wood, should suddenly disappear.

Robert L.—"Oh, Mr. Amstutz wouldn't you feel queer without your head"?

Why pay a doctor bill when you can go to a window and remove the pane?—*By courtesy of Lloyd Richardson.*

Cut Price Shoe Co.

North Side Square---Bryan

The Family Shoe Store

Robert DeMuth—Gimme a cigarette.

Dale O.—Why I thot you told me you quit.

R. D.—Well I have reached the first stage. I've quit buying.

Absent Minded Prof. — Mr. Detro, I want you to answer this question.

Mr. Detro—I'm absent today.

A. M. Prof.—I beg your pardon sir, the next man will answer the question.

W. Lawrence—Let me try on that suit in the window, my good man.

Clerk—Sorry sir. You'll have to use the dressing room.

Some New Information About Literature

The most cheerful author—Samuel Smiles.

The noisest authors—Howells.

The tallest author—Longfellow.

The most flowery author—Hawthorne.

The holiest author—Pope.

The most amusing author—Thomas Tickell.

The happiest author.—Gay

The most firey author.—Burns.

The most talkative author—Chatterton.

The most distressed author—Akenside.

Martha K.—The maker of Eskimo pies has made a million dollars already.

E. Hutto—What, a cool million?

And He Did

Prof.—A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Paul Barnes—That's why we all flunked.

V. Hesrick—I couldn't see a woman standing up while I was sitting.

E. Kimble—So you gave her your seat?

V. Hesrick—No, I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep.

S. Kintner—I know my big brother is stronger than your's.

Fred L.—He ain't not, my big brother can lift a hundred pounds.

S. K.—Shucks, that ain't nothin'. I heard my big brother say that he brought a little mule home from college on his hip.

Lenore C.—Why, how dare you pass me up on the street?

Fritz R.—Oh, I beg your pardon, Lenore. You have a new pair of shoes and I didn't recognize you.

Prof. Shuman's Wife—Why, My dear, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet.

Prof. Shuman—But they're the only feet I've got.

R. Dierks—When I was a baby I swallowed a needle and three months later it grew out of my elbow.

O. Robarge — That's nothing. Last week I swallowed a tack and now I have a nail on my big toe.

Always put off tonight what you are going to put on in the morning.

A Wet One

Harry Hester—What is your ideal of the tightest person in high school?

John Paine—The guy who won't take a shower because they soak you too much.

Bernard C.—How come the street light's so pale?

O. Carlin—Oh, it was out all night.

D. Laverty—Andy Carnegie was a very rich man and left a good many memorials to himself, like the Carnegie libraries.

Newell N.—That man Lincoln must have been pretty wealthy too.

D. Laverty— Why how's that?

Newell N.—He left a lot of Lincoln pennies around the country.

A. Ewan—At last I can look you in the face.

Dorothy H.—Oh! I'm so glad you've reformed.

A. Ewan—Reformed? It's the new styles.

Civics Take Head of Class

Mr. Baker—If the President, Vice President and all the members of the cabinet died, who would officiate?

J. Phillips.—The undertaker.

M. Sprow—My father was once principal actor at a great public function when the platform fell.

T. Webber—Horrors, did he fall to the ground.

M. S.—Oh no. The rope stopped him.

A Good Store Since 1857

Many times have you seen this statement in our ads; did you ever stop to think what this means to you?

It means that we value the accumulation of good will, which has been won by long years of fair dealings in this store, so highly that we could not for the sake of any immediate profit sacrifice our most valuable asset.

We hope that it may be our good fortune to continue serving this community, and that we may be able to raise steadily the quality and efficiency of that service. In this direction, we feel lies permanent success.

You folks at the school are always welcome in our store, and we hope that our goods, our store, and our service may please you, for with you is the future.

The BRYAN HARDWARE Co.

A Good Store — *Since – 1857*

FURNITURE HARDWARE FLOOR COVERINGS

THE HENDRICKS GROCERY
Phone 38

Compliments of
D. O. HORTON

PAUL R. HATHAWAY
District Agent
Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Compliments of
SAM PRIEST
Barber Shop
Bryan - Ohio

N. B. THOMPSON
Hat Cleaning Shop
and
Shoe Shining Parlor

Scene

She stopping at the mountain house But great seclusion seeks;
She always dresses in the dark Because the mountain peaks.

Bob C—"I'm going to see a swell girl this evening."

Bob W—Couldn't you dig up one for me?

Bob C—"Wouldn't you just as soon have a live one?"

Richard Tubbs—'I smell smoke'

Dorothy Thomas—"Yes, that's that little spark of love still burning."

Margaret Sprow — "Ardis I wonder how prof Tubbs lost his hair?"

Ardis Shaff—"Oh, I guess the teeth of his comb chewed it off."

Pearl—Selma your dress is ripped."

Selma—"Oh! darn it."

Bob L.—How'd you hurt your lip?

Bina—Mabel's fault, darn her. She ducked, and I hit it on the door.

Naoni B. Having a hard time of getting her boots on (as usual) was heard to exclaim, "I don't believe I'll ever get these boots on until I've worn them awhile!

THE THINGS YOU LEARN TODAY ARE THE THINGS THAT SOLVE YOUR FUTURE LIFE PROBLEMS

The things we have learned in more than a quarter century about **Clothing,** we give to you today—**Better Clothes** for your money. Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothing.

•

Bostonians the famous Shoe for Men.

RUSSELL'S

Clothing—TWO STORES—Footwear

Compliments of

The Shop That Cleans Clothes Clean with "ENERGINE"

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H. ELSASSER

Custom Tailor

Over Culbertson's
Drug Store

Bryan, Ohio

—The—
MAIN GARAGE

Sales and Service

Phone 599

You tell 'em dictionary. The words aren't in me.

Voice from dark parlor—My but your nose is cold.

Helpful Brother (to irate father who was suspicious)—Gee, pop, I bet Rover is in the parlor again.

With the advent of the automobile, manufacturers of front porches went out of business.

Bob W. (at 2 A. M.)—Well, I must be off.

Selma H. (yawning) — That's what I thought when I first met you.

Paul Krone—The picture of the horse is good but where's the wagon?

Nedra W.—Oh, the horse will draw it.

Gerald C.—How can you tell the difference between a Prof. and a Student?

Charles R.—Well I hate to express my opinion.

Gerald C.—But what is it?

Charles R.—Well if there were two in a lecture room and one of them was asleep, the other would be the professor.

"I believe this is the last drink I'll take," said the about-to-reform gentleman as he picked up a bottle of wood alcohol by mistake.

A diplomat is a man who can remember a woman's birthday and forget her age.

When you come into this store, we want you to be able to confidently say: "this is one store where I know I will get honest values and fair treatment every day in the year."

•

L. S. Hall

Dry Goods

The Store Where You Feel at Home

—The—
ELECTRIC SHOP

For Things Electrical

North Side Square

Phone 5133

L. A. STROEH

West Side Meat Market

BRYAN - OHIO

Physics Extraordinary

Amstutz— What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity.

Robert Z.—Why, er-r-.

Amstutz—Correct. Now tell me what is the unit of electric power?

Robert Z.—The what, sir?

Amstutz—That will do; very good.

Marian B.—This picture makes me look like a monkey.

P. K., Editor of Annual—You should have thought about that before you had the picture taken.

Naomi C.—Did you ever hear of a person killed by a deadly glance?

L. Conover—No, but I know of a guy who got his arm broken due to an empty stair.

Dean S.—That soprano had a large repertoire.

Raymond Beavers—Aint it the truth, now, and since vou speak of it her dress only made it look worse

You can always draw a queen if you have the jack.

This is the story of Johnny McGuire,
Who ran through the town with his trousers on fire,
He went to the doctor's and fainted with fright,
When the doctor told him his end was in sight.

—Poetry by courtesy of Bessie Six

Bryan Candy Kitchen

Cyrus Demas, Prop.

You will be welcome with one box of our delicious chocolates when you call on your lady friend.

Our Soda Fountain service is unequalled.

Next to the Bank

Try a Sunday Dinner

at

CHRISTMAN HOTEL

Bryan, Ohio

PINKERTON BROS.

City Meat Market

Fresh and Salted Meat
Home Cured Ham
and Bacon
Poultry in Season

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PINKERTON BROS.

THE CAMPBELL LUMBER & MILL CO.

Bryan, Ohio

H. W. ELLIS & SON

Insurance
Real Estate
Mortgage Loans

BRYAN

The night was cold and so was she as they strolled in the park. They sat down on a wooden bench and threw pebbles at the dark. "When I see all these rocks" says she, (and it steadily grew colder) "and stones and things, I only wish you were a little bowlder."

Virginia C.—What were you doing after the accident?

Paul M.—Scraping up an acquaintance.

•

Wilbur E.—I'll get a revolver and blow my brains out.

Grace Cole—How extravagant! Get some snuff and sneeze.

Baker—Late again.

William Miller—You said you didn't like the students in your classes to watch the clock.

•

L. Boucher—Let's speak to those two dames on the corner.

L. Wilson—'Sno use; they are telephone girls.

L. Boucher—What of it?

L. Wilson—They wont answer.

Clair E.—When she wasn't looking I kissed her.

Dorothy H.—What did she do?

Claire E.—Refused to look at me the rest of the evening.

Grace Faber—Can I have a private bath?

Clerk—Nothin' else.

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Jones—Now that I have given you the ideas you should be able to write a good story.

E. Dargitz — That's nothing, Webster gave you the words, but I have never heard of you as a famous author.

Robert Gleason (with malice)—Something is the matter with this car; I guess we'll have to stop.

Lenore M. (innocently)—Your clutch is slipping.

R. G. (more maliciously)—As soon as we stop, I'll attend to that.

R. Stuller—Heard Wayne left high school to work in a bakery.

A. Wineland—Yep; he needs the dough.

Marion H.—Where's Raymond Beavers?

Flo G.—He's over eating at the Secor.

Marion H.—Ha! Ha! That's good! Who ever heard of anybody over-eating at the Secor?

There are a lot of jokes but few of us are original.

Clarence F.—Did you take a bath this morning?

Denver L.—No. Is there one missing?

We would like to pull that one about the mouse trap but it's too snappy to tell.

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Some Definitions of a Kiss

A kiss is a peculiar proposition
Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss
to two.
The small boy gets it for nothing.
The young man has to steal it.
The old man has to buy it.
The baby's right.
The lover's privilege.
The hypocrite's mask.
To a young girl—faith.
To a married woman—hope.
To an old maid—charity.
—By Courtesy of Robert Ward

Louise N.—When Bill danced with me last night he kept letting his hand slip down my back.

Lenore R.—I hope you rebuked him.

Louise N—I did, I told him to keep it up.

C. Ames—Where is old Petroleum?

Wando—H.—Kerosene him last week, but he aint benzine since.

Wince—That's the fourth time you've looked at Forest S.'s paper, stop it!

E. Kernen—Yeh, but Forest is such a punk writer.

"Does your poetry pay you?" My friend asked one day.
And I answered: "O friend, I implore
That you won't again ask me, but this I will say,
That it helps drive the wolf from my door."

Biology Prof.—The class will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Mr. Dimler.

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Verdean C.—Oh, professor, I am right at the door of flunking.

Mr. Baker—Never mind; don't worry, I'll pull you through.

Jones—Now, Miss Schug, can you tell us what this passage means?

E. Schug—I'm sorry, professor, but I don't know either.

Correct

Wayne N.—Who was Homer?

George R.—The guy Babe Ruth made famous.

Richard Myers—Paul is a letter man this year.

Paul Garver—Football?

R. M.—No. he's a mail carrier.

F. Grim—Why do you call your alarm clock "Macbeth?"

G. Shuhmacher—"Macbeth doth murder sleep."

Bob C.—How much did it set you back to have your hair bobbed?

Mabel P.—Oh, about four years.

O. Price—Hefty acts as ugly as a bear towards you.

A. Yarnell—Not that bad. A bear will hug.

Prof.—Why should we read all of the best of the present day literature?

John Calvin—So we can appreciate the parodies.

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"Say" whispered the fraction to the mixed numbers, at the Number's Ball, "Is my numerator on straight?"

Miss Marshall — Your themes should be written so that the most stupid of people can understand them.

John T. (humbly)—Yes, ma'm. What part don't you understand, ma'm?

No Doubt of It

If I haven't the rent this month, don't you think the landlord will help me out?

Mrs. Vollmer—How many of my scholars can remember the longest sentence they ever read?"

R. R.—Please, mum, I can.

Mrs. V.—What, is there only one? Well, Richard, you can tell the rest of the class the longest sentence you ever read.

Richard R.—"Imprisonment for life."

Telvia G.—Is Frank courting you?

Marian R.—Not exactly, but he is getting there step by step. When he first called he sat all evening with the album in his lap. Next time he sat with my dog in his lap, then he took my little brother in his lap, and next Saturday night is my turn.

Russel E.—"Hawaii?"

George M.—"I Hayti tell you."

Russel E.—"Aw Guam."

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THE TRAVELLERS

On the "Twelfth Night" the "Riders of the "Purple Sage"came to "The Crossing" where they found "Betty Zane" with "A Dog of Flanders." She told them the "Tale of Two Cities" and "tales of a Wayside Inn,"and then they continued their "Inland Voyage." Going thru the "Deserted Village" they saw "The Peasant and the Prince" telling "Twice Told Tales" to the "King of the Golden River" at the "House of Seven Gables. "Turning they saw "Ivanhoe" and "Silas Marner" arguing with "Sohrab" and "Rustum" about "Paul Revere's Ride" when they were interrupted by "Rip Van Winkle," the "Lady of the Lake" and the "Ancient Mariner" who had come from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to get "The Spy". The "Last of the Mohicans" and the "Pilot" who came from "A Hunting of the Deer" said they saw a man dressed like "The Pied Piper of Hamelen" going to ward "The Old Mouse" in which the "Vicar of Wakefield" lived.

"Hamlet" and "Robinson Crusoe" started in pursuit but met the "Princess" and "Macbeth" to whom they told the "Little Mr. Thimble stories." During the delay the man had stolen "The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" and the "First Bunker Hill Oration." Continuing the search they went into "Bracebridge Hall" where they interrupted "Romeo and Juliet" while singing the "Christmas Carol." Not finding "The Spy" they went away.

Jorneying to the next town they saw "Abraham Lincoln" practicing the "Gettysburg Speech" to the "Birds and Bees," "Mable Martin" was gathering"A Bunch of Herbs" and talking to a "Doorstep Acquaintance" who was telling about "Milton" and "Addison." Then remembering that this was "Cotter's Saturday Night" they asked "The Good-Natured Man" to take them to "The House of Whispers"

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where they heard "Grandmother's Story" about "Tom Brown's School Days" and "The Knight's Tale" about "Alexander the Great." Then after someone told them the "Story of a Bad Boy" they retired.

The Next Morning after "The Rise of Silas Lapham" the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" discussed "The Inside of the Cup" and "The Rivals" listened intently. Later they departed for the next town.

Being caught in a "Tempest" they sought shelter "Under the Old Elm" and there met "Joan of Arc." She told them about the "Fairie Queen" who was married that evening. They resumed "The Voyage" and arrived at their destination late in the afternoon when they met the "Merchant of Venice" who invited them to the wedding. They attended and talked with "Enoch Arden" and "Julius Caeser" who possessed the "Judgment of Socrates." After the wedding they heard the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and then went to "The Alhambra" and lay down to a "Midsummer Night's Dream!

M. Tressler—No, she's not two faced.

T. Wampler—Zat so?

M. T.—She wouldn't wear that one if she were.

Bob W—Sweetheart I know you love me.

Selma—What gave you that impression?

Bob (glibly)—I love you and therefore I am a lover, all the world loves a lover, and since you are all the world to me well—you love me.

Selma—"Oh! Bob kiss me."

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L. Brannan—What is worse than losing one's friend?

O. Brannan—The student who works for his board and loses his appetite.

M. Barber—The heroine walked aft.

M. Burbic—What did the hero do?

M. Barber—He walked after.

G. Elsasser—You look overworked. What's the matter?

Dale S.—I'm studying for a lawyer.

G. E.—Why don't you let him study for himself.

N. Carlin—What do you think of this close to nature stuff they're hollering about?

Dorothy Hesrick—If you mean Watkins' porous plasters I'll say they're all right.

E. Long—That's a powerful car you've got there.

M. Kelly—Whatayou mean powerful? It's just a Ford.

E. Long—I wasn't judging by size. I was judging by the smell.

Amstutz—I call that my Boston class.

J. Ransom—Why so.

Amstutz—Such poor beans.

Paul V.—Are you hungry horsie?

No, I always have a bit in my mouth.

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The Sorrowful Tale of McGurk

Marmaduke Claude Montmorency McGurk
Earned his thirty a week as a pharmacist's clerk,
And though seldom he had any cash in his jeans
He supported his wife as befitted his means.
Now along came her birthday, as sometimes it did,
And he said, "I must buy something swell for the kid."
So he took thirty dollars, his pay, I suppose,
And he blew it all in on a pair of silk hose.
Mrs. Marmaduke Claude almost wept with delight
When her husband brought home those silk stockings that night;
And she tried them on quickly and looked in the glass,
And exclaimed, "Gee, them stockings has certainly class!"
Next morning at breakfast she said, "Goodness knows
But I ain't got a stitch I can wear with them hose."
So as soon as her husband departed for work
She was on her way shopping, was Mrs. McGurk.
From ten in the morning till half after four
She shopped and she shopped, and she shopped then some more,
Until fagged out and tried, she returned to her flat
With a new pair of shoes, a new suit, and a hat,
When Marmaduke Claude Montmorency returned
From his labors that night he was greatly concerned,
For his wife said, "I'm thinking this neighborhood's vile,
And this house ain't no place for a lady of style."
Poor Marmaduke Claude said, "It looks like you're right."
So they went out and hunted apartments that night,
And, soon after, they moved from their humble abode

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To a beautiful house— Number Eight Clapham Road.
Then said Mrs. McGurk to her husband, "My dear,
My swell rags will be put on the blink soon, I fear,
For the Subway is dirty, the street cars ain't clean,
And I can't get along here without a machine."
So in two or three days—or perhaps it was four—
A twin-six limousine stood in front of their door.
It was painted bright red, and the wheel spokes were wires,
It had real silver trimmings, and four extra tires.
Where the limousine stood, bill collectors now lurk,
For disaster has come to the House of McGurk;
And there's gloom in the hearts where contentment once glowed.
For a house-to-let sign hangs at Eight Clapham Road.
As he sits in his cell and he thinks of his plight
Poor McGurk says, "I got what was comin', all right,
For a spendthrift, they say,will get his in the end,
And them stockings cost more than I ought to of spend."

—Ex.

Height of Folly

V. Luke—What, going fishing with a mouse for bait?

D. Luke—Yeh, I going after catfish.

D. Norris—What makes Irene so popular?

D. Aungst—When a fellow calls, she asks him a riddle, then keeps him in the dark all evening.

A Sad Accident

Dick Tubbs while playing tennis, was hit by a racket on the court.

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LAND SAKES

Wash White got a job in a saw mill. He was fascinated by the buzz saw. He wondered if it was as sharp and terrible as the boss had said. To test it he touched it gently with his finger. Buzz! and the finger was no more.

As Wash was tieing up his hand, the boss came back. "Hullo, there, Wash. What's the matter?"

"Buzz saw done eat off my fingah sah."

"How the dicken did that happen?"

"Ah dunno, shah," said Wash, "ah just touched de darn contraption like this an,———For de land's sake, der's anudder gone!"

ALL FOR NOTHING

Robbie ran into the sewing room and cried: "Oh, mama! There's a man in the nursery kissing the nurse."

Mama dropped the sewing and rushed for the stairway.

"April Fool!" said Robby gleefully. "It's only papa."

Bob Lowe (admiring dress)—You look awfully good tonight.

Pearl—I ought to. Mother has been lecturing me for an hour about going to so many dances.

They sat on the porch at midnight
And their lips were tightly pressed
The old man gave the signal
And the bulldog did the rest.

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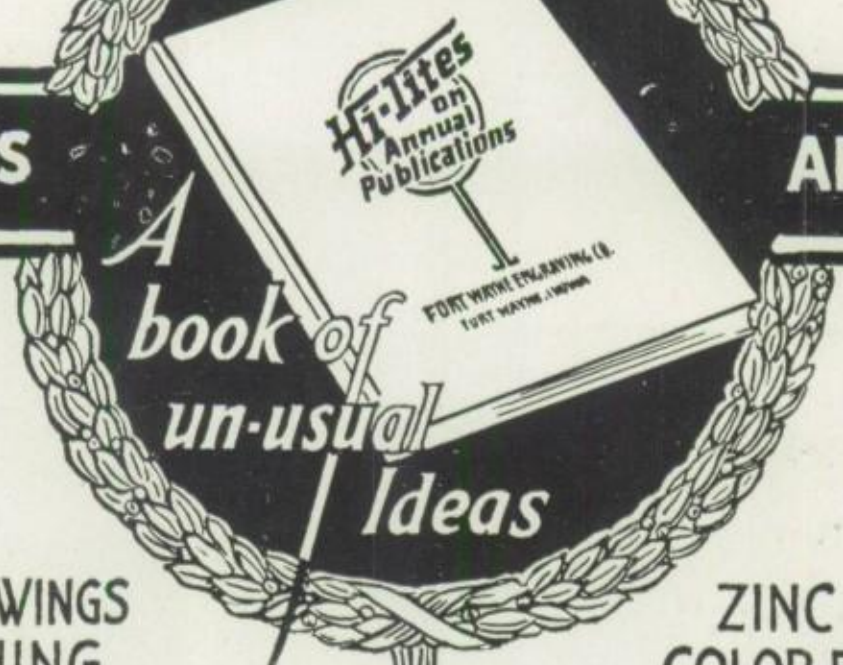

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A Poem

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears;
There is a man who loseth not
His temper when in snares.
There is a man who placid is,
When routed out of bed,
Such man there is, dear reader,
But that said man is dead.
There is a girl who will not use
Rouge, powder, or hair dye;
There is a girl who will not cast
'pon man a vampish eye.
There is a girl who will not love
Or on your shoulder lay her head;
Such girl there lives, dear reader,
But that girl remains unwed.

Lost somewhere between Bryan Hi School and Postoffice, or between Postoffice and B. H. S. a ladies handbag containing a diamond ring, a powder puff, a lip stick, $400, and a telephone number. Finder can keep bag and contents if he will return lip stick.—Claretta Longbrake.

Wayne Y. (giving sentence for punctuation)—"Mr. Jones is an ideal man."

Mr. Jones—"Well, Wayne, how would you punctuate this sentence?"

Wayne Y.— "Well, I would punctuate it with a question mark."

Rumor has it that Carlton Snyder has eaten a gallon of molasses every day for the past year. That accounts for him sticking around so long in B. H. S.

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Tim Burkhart in jewelry store—That bracelet, madam, is unique. It was given to the Empress Josephine by Napoleon Bonapart. We are selling a great number of them this year.

Who was that girl that went into the bank and asked for a checkbook for a lady that folds up in the middle?—*Asked by Frederick Y.*

Richard S.—You seem to have a terrible cold.

D. Stewman—Yes, I caught it on a fishing trip.

R. S.—Did you get your feet wet?

D. Stewman—No, I slept in a cold stable.

R. S.—Next to the draft horses, I suppose.

Helen Spangler—I want to learn to dance the worst way.

D. Mick—Oh, naughty, naughty. The gang might object.

Robert H.—Heard the new golf song, "I Drove My Ball in the Water hole?"

Owen W.—No.

Robert H.—It isn't out yet.

Helen W.—I don't think women should wear these short skirts any longer.

Jake S.—You'n'me both! I'd rather see them shorter.

Down our way they tell of a man who was so hard that he could ride a porcupine through a bed of cactus and never get a scratch.

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Mythologically Speaking

Jones—Why is Minerva called the Goddess of Wisdom?

Carleton S.—Huh, that's easy. She never married.

Bina C.—Do you believe in war, dearest?

Leona S.—I do, sweetheart.

B. C. (astounded)—You? You believe in war?

L. S.—Oh-h-h; I thought you said more.

Some bologna makers put pepper in their frankfurters to make the hot dogs bite.

Neva L.—What's that?

Merceil M.—I sez, is a feller wot calls on his girl in a thunder shower a rainbow?

" I'll bite, what is it?" said the mosquito to his mate, as they landed on the wax model.

For the Musically Inclined

Burton V.—Don't you think Tosti's "Goodby" is thrilling?

Ruth M.—Why, my dear, he has never called on me.

Marion F.—How do you like the new style of long dresses?

Gordon M.—I don't mind.

M. F.—Why?

G. M.—I've got such a darn good memory.

Farewell to Our High School

Dearest classmates and teachers,
We are sorry now to say
That we must struggle onward,
To pursue life's rugged way.

Gladly would we linger here
Amongst your happy throng,
Did not Future Problems say
"Up Oh Seniors, move along!"

Soon we must leave you all behind,
In seeking life's position,
But never once shall we forget
Our former life's relation.

The happy days we've spent here,
Shall be one shining spot,
By which we shall remember,
The friendships that we wrought.

In all life's desperate battles,
When the world may seem but blue,
We shall look back at our school days,
For courage to push us through.

So to Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors,
And to teachers all, as well,
We, the Class of Twenty-Three,
Extend our sincere farewell.

—Beulah Drout '23

—and Lastly

In this volume of the Zeta-Cordia, issued by the Senior Class of 1923, we have endeavored to picture our High School life as we see it, to portray the environment to which the High School students of B. H. S. are accustomed, and to reflect the activities of the student body. We hope that in future years it may be a pleasant reminder of the happy days spent in B. H. S.

THE END

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